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DAWN FRASER'S

Narrative Verse and Comments

including

"SONGS OF SIBERIA"
"ECHOES FROM LABOR'S WAR"
"FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES"
All the old stuff and a lot of new ones

By DAWN FRASER

THIRD EDITION

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"Here is a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky is above me,
Here is a heart for any fate."

—BYRON.

A FEW BOUQUETS

"We would say off-hand that Fraser writes as good verse as Service. We would call this Nova Scotia poet a Jim Tully in rhyme, an Edgar Guest with more guts and less Pollyanna-ism."

(The Halifax Chronicle)

* * * *

"Dawn Fraser writes as good narrative verse as will be found anywhere; but it is his prose that we like best." *(Jefferson, in The Maritime Advocate)*

* * * *

"Dawn Fraser has an original style all his own which identifies him as one of the most pleasing writers of the day." *(The Evening News).*

* * * *

"Whether in the Army, in Russia, or elsewhere, it is evident that Dawn Fraser saw all there was to see. He packs more punch and drama into a few lines than any author we have read, and his new book is sure to be popular." *(The Glace Bay Gazette).*

* * * *

"Dawn Fraser is undoubtedly the most fearless writer in America."

(Comment in Western newspaper)

* * * *

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INDEX OF CONTENTS

NARRATIVE VERSE AND COMMENTS

Introduction 13
I Write Not What I Wish to Write 15
The Crime of Johnny Kyle 18
Your Servant, Ladies, Your Slave 35
Yo Ho for a Bottle of Rum 36
My Buried Sorrow 38
I Was Always Kind to You 41
Bravo, Councillor! Them's My Sentiments Exact 42
I Walked Into a Jungle 43
Don't Tell Me There Is No Luck 59
I Was a Stranger and They Took Me In . 71
Little Teacher, Hear My Plea 83
Here's To You! 84
Oh, My Poor Fanny Raven 85
Have Another Shot, Brother 93
Me and Jonah 94
If You Can't Say Something Good About Me 95
Ye Mariners Upon Life's Sea 100
My Fans, Both of Them 103
I Will Drive No Bargains With My God . . 108
Hockey Talkie 108
Will Your Love, Dear, End in Darkness? . . 109
Be Not Like Dumb Driven Cattle . . . 111
Pre-Plebiscite Propaganda 114

SONGS OF SIBERIA

Introduction 117
The Mud-Red Volunteers 119
Conscript Brown 121
Bouillon a la S. S. Proteslaus 128
The Fight at Blamvoosk River 131
Jonesey 136
One Night On Kopek Hill 137
Vodka 141
Leased Waters 144
Sergeant Gray 145
Cooties 149
The Tale of Tom the Cat 152
Bon Voyage 165
Les Miserables 166
To Critic in *The Times* 168
Canteen Checks 170
The Rale Cause of the Warr 172
My Little Refugee 177
A Boost for Mr. Borden 180
Our Little Two-Pound Can 182
The Deserter 185
The Applicant 187
Pax Vobiscum 189
My Love Was Like A Lily 191
Mr. Recruiting Officer 192
War 194
Where Is the World of My Early Dreams? . 196
Modern Poem 198
War Profiteers 199
The Valets of the Mules 200
The War Council 202
A Question 205
Shanghaied 206
The Late Lamented John Barleycorn . . 207

The Profiteer 209
Now, Ain't It the Truth? 212
Deep Stuff 213
Gambling 214
I Never Fought Kid Cupid But He Hit Below the Belt 216
The Christians 219
In the Spring A Feller's Fancy 242
To Miss Canada in Confidence 244
That's Very Strange, Now Let Me Tell One 245
Sh-h-h! Spirits! 247
Marching Down the Tote Road 251
Will You Bring Your Wage Home, John? . 252

ECHOES FROM LABOR'S WAR

Foreword 256
He Starved, He Starved, I Tell You . . . 258
The Case of Jim O'Coughlin 260
To Foreman Wave 273
Honest, Bell, What Did Bruce Say? . . . 274
The Hair-Breadth Escape of Red Malcolm Bruce 277
Tell My Friend the Prison Warden . . . 279
Hey, Jim and Dan 281
Away, False Teachings of My Youth . . . 283
Toast to the Armed Forces 284
Go West, Young Man, Go West 285
Cape Breton's Curse, Adieu, Adieu . . . 287
No Honest Dog Would Bite the Hand that Fed It 288
Said Mr. Stanley Baldwin to Mr. Johnyson Hicks 290
Merry Christmas to You, Jim 292
Haw! Haw! Blimey, Strike Me Pink . . . 295
Jewels and Their Source 296
Flags Are Pieces of Cloth 300
The Communists 303
The Parasites 307

The Widow in the Ward 311
Mon Pere 315

Conclusion 317

INTRODUCTION

The material on the following pages is not introduced as poetry or POEMS, and the writer would much prefer to have them considered and referred to as rhymes or narrative verse, because he knows from experience and observation that it is practically impossible to have the average reader consider any verse that is introduced as a poem. It seems, indeed, to be the decision of the recognized critics that the value or beauty of any verse consists in not expressing any intelligent idea, and it seems also that some mental humility common to the average reader prompts him to accept the decision of the so-called critics. The attitude seems to be that the critic is omnipotent and the average reader so far mentally inferior that he cannot appreciate the "clawsics". So while conceding the superior excellence of the poems endorsed by the critics, they don't attempt to read them, and *never buy them.* Perhaps some of us are of a lower sphere of intelligence. But just see if you can get your teeth into this:

A few years ago there died in Canada a young lady whom the recognized critics liked to refer to as "Canada's most gifted young poetess." One of these recognized critics, a college professor, writing of the young lady after her death, stated (we quote): "She was Canada's sweetest dreamer. She was born by the sea and the sea loaned her sweet fancies. Her poem, *Thracce,* is not appreciated and not understood by the average reader. The poem, however, suggests that the buttercup once assumed the soul of the daisy and hid among the petals of the rose." (End of quote.) You win, professor—she was some dreamer alright.

On another occasion, a "clawsical" musical composition was being introduced over the air. Like nearly all such stuff, it sounded terrible, and again one of these highbrow critics was introduced to explain the strange noise. Here is what he fed the patient public (again we quote): "The musical offering was suggested by a beautiful poem in which the idea offered was that the hero Sirius was sired by the god Zeus and his mother was a white swan."

And so, my friends, if one must treat with such impossible nonsense in order to be called a poet, please call me something else.

DAWN FRASER

I WRITE NOT WHAT I WISH TO WRITE BUT RATHER WHAT I MUST

I write, not what I wish to write,
But rather what I must;
My many imperfections
You will pardon, friends, I trust.
I cannot write to order
By plan or measure given,
My dreams come rushing o'er me
As by a tempest driven.
You do not blame the tempest
Because perchance it screams—
And will you blame the dreamer
Because the dreamer dreams?
Vain might I seek for "lofty thoughts",
Vain seek the "noble soul"—
How can I offer what I lack?
How can I thoughts control?
Thoughts fantastic in their course
That, as they travel, gather force.

I am like a boy who shakes a tree
With many an apple fair to see—
The ripe fruit showers round his head,
He views his act with awe and dread;
And yet the deed no lesson taught,
The consequence is soon forgot;
Despite all punishment or pain,
He will shake that tree some day again.
So, gentle friends, it is with me—
I am about to shake the tree.
The fruit of this strange tree is verse,
And some is bad and some is worse.

It tumbles down—disordered rhyme—
(To call them poems might be a crime);
And yet I ask, may it not be
That somewhere hidden in that tree
Are some few truths, wholesome and sound?
Oh! could I bring them to the ground,
Though root and trunk and branches break,
I'd give that tree a mighty shake.

And so I sit and write and write,
Through all the day and half the night;
My fancy carries me away—
I see strange lands as plain as day;
Put pen or pencil in my reach,
I visit Europe or Palm Beach.
I see it all in clear detail
And could describe it without fail—
Describe it as it seems to be
In my imagination free.
Ah! little book, 'twas in my mind
To have you gentle, true and kind;
To fill your soul with wit and fun,
And yet speak well of everyone.
To call the world a paradise,
('Tis so our schools instruct the youth)
But, oh! alas! that's not the truth;
And if I catch you lying ever,
I'll tear your heart from out your cover.

Among the masses I am one
Who never had a natural son;
You, product of my fancy wild,
With all your faults, you are my child.

I take a father's pride in you,
I'd have you honest, lad, and true,
Courageous, honest, free and bold—
Truth is more precious, son, than gold.
We scorn the base pen-parasite
Who for a wage betrays the right;
Such souls are peddled, sold and bought
To duplicate their masters' thought.
A man in chains may yet be brave,
The meanest is the mental slave;
Shame upon the ink-stained slob
Who only writes to please the mob.
Here is a truth, lad, known to few—
Ideas are cleanest when they are new;
It's best parade them at their birth,
They grow stained on the vulgar earth;
But if their source, the mind, is clean,
They are like to flourish ever green;
Parade them then in justice cause
And be suspicious of applause.
Perfect this lesson in your youth—
You win few laurels speaking truth;
Such products often sting and hurt—
You will find more sale for lies and dirt.

We will run this race, lad, unattached,
The others are unfairly matched,
So weighted down in soul and mind—
G'dap! we'll leave them far behind.
The man is beaten to his knees
Who hesitates and strives to please,
Who blends a mess of truth and lies
That he may win the Nobel Prize;

Who sacrifices honest thought
To catch the nod from some Big Shot.
Oh! pass such trifles up, my boy,
That you may know the keener joy
Of writing freely, day by day,
And let the chips fall where they may.
When thoughts are launched unselfishly
They are more likely true to be,
And writing is a worthy game
When one scorns gold, applause and fame;
But he who sets these as his goal
May win them all, but lose his soul.

THE CRIME OF JOHNNY KYLE

There's more than ten years gone now,
Since I bid good-bye to France;
I gave away my souvenirs,
Wore out my khaki pants.
I never like to talk about
The famous four-year row—
What I have seen doesn't matter.
I'm for peace forever now.
Yet my memory don't seem willing
For to leave it all behind—
This and that will keep recurring,
Turning over in my mind.
And it's mostly the unpleasant
That is haunting of me yet;
It's the saddest and the tragic
That seems hardest to forget.

Oh, I never think of walking,
But I think of army shoes,
And I never think of drinking,
But I think of Belgian booze.
I never see it raining
But I'm thinking of a flood,
And I never think of Flanders
But I think about the mud.
I never see a bottle
But I'm dying for a drink,
And I never think of drinking
But I think about the clink.
It's always the unpleasant
That impresses most of all—
And I never think of cooties
But I think of Major Small.

If you never wore the khaki,
Then it's hard for you to see
When an officer's a bad one
Just how damn mean he can be.
When he's out to get a fellow
And is watching every chance—
If you don't know how they do it,
Then you never been to France.
There's no one yet that's perfect,
And I'm kind of thinking, friend,
If you kept watch on an angel,
You would get him in the end.
If a raindrop hits your button,
You are up for dirty brass;
If you miss the train from London,
You have over-stayed your pass;

If you're out on guard some morning,
Bright and shining as the best,
He may pull your tunic open,
And you are improper dressed.

And suppose you do keep smiling,
There is still another way,
Not the least of persecutions
Are the things that he can say;
Not the least of persecutions
Is his hissing, hot abuse,
And the coward know he's got you—
You can't answer. What's the use?
Ain't he hoping you will do it,
You will answer back or fight?
But of course if you do either,
Then the beggar got you right.
True, the wearing of the uniform
Didn't spoil them all;
I've known officers were princes—
But their last name wasn't Small.
All I say for these—God bless them—
If they got through the big row;
If they died, I'm only hoping
That they're sleeping peaceful now.

But I don't hold it no duty
For to lie about the dead,
Or to cover up their record
Or the kind of life they led.
When a thing's the truth, I'm claiming
That it can't be any sin.
And Im not against the telling

Of how Major Small cashed in.
I was there, and "standing easy"
When the awful thing was done,
And the gun that got the Major
Wasn't pulled by any Hun.
But I never told no M. P.,
For to squeal is not my style,
How I seen the Major fade out
In a fight with Johnny Kyle.
S'pose it ain't no harm to tell it
After all the fight is through—
Small is lying where we left him,
And poor Johnny died of "flu."

When a mean man is worried
Or dissatisfied with life,
And afraid to strike his equals,
He goes home and beats his wife.
Or maybe if he's single,
Can't find nothing else to lick,
For to show his meanness some way,
He will give his dog a kick.
So it was in our outfit—
That was our Major's style—
When he had to pick on someone,
He got after Johnny Kyle.
Watching constant for to trap him,
Laying for him day and night,
And to get a crime against him
Was the Major's great delight.

What? You say it don't seem likely
For to pick so much on one?

Well, there was a sort of reason
When the business first begun.
Johnny was the sort of fellow
To irritate a man like Small—
Wasn't really fresh or saucy,
But he simply couldn't crawl;
Wild and reckless little devil
(There are birds you cannot tame)
When the Major woud abuse him,
How his eyes and face would flame!
He might try to look quite humble,
Yet the dullest one could tell,
Though his lips were saying nothing,
He was thinking, "Go to hell!"
Did not seem the boy could help it,
Though he swore to us he tried,
Though he kneeled and whined and
whimpered,
Could not cover up his pride.

There's no joy for any bully,
If his victim doesn't squirm;
What's the use of persecuting
A poor, humble, soulless worm?
No—all men ain't free and equal
On this earth or in their graves;
I've seen some men in the army
That was only meant for slaves.
They were proud to be a batman
And to wipe the Colonel's boot;
They would cross the street on purpose
For to humbly salute.

They could keep their mug submissive
In the proper slavish style,
Had ambitions to be lance-jacks—
But their last name wasn't Kyle.

Johnny was a different product,
Bred up from a different race—
Couldn't take the dust from no one,
You could see it in his face.
Yet he wasn't hard to manage
And would never lose his grip
Till you treated him unjustly—
He just couldn't stand the whip.
Major Small was proud but dirty,
I figure that's the reason why
That they couldn't mix together;
One of them just had to die.
I always felt 'twould be the youngster,
Though I once heard Johnny say,
When they tied him to a cannon,
"Wait, my turn will come some day."
And I think the boy was always
Kind of waiting for a chance,
And he gets it one dark morning,
Well, I'll say, "Somewhere in France."
And the gun that got the major
Wasn't pulled by any Hun—
I was there, and "standing easy'
When the awful thing was done.

Never mind what led up to it,
I won't try to tell it all
Or to list the persecutions

Of the victim, Major Small.
Enough to say that Kyle was punished
For every crime that you could think,
He was always doing pack drill,
He was always in the clink
Till his crime-sheet was a record
That grew graver day by day,
And the fines they heaped upon him
Ate up all of Johnny's pay.
And the clink and fines and pack drill
Isn't all that I could tell,
That boy done two months in Wands-
worth,
In that awful hole of hell.

After that, when he rejoined us,
He seemed different—hardly sane—
Don't know what they did to tame him,
But they must have wrecked his brain.
He was moody, queer and quiet,
Wouldn't hardly talk at all,
And he had a way of watching
For the O. C., Major Small.
Almost seemed that he forgave him,
Seemed they had his spirit broke;
He could whine and look submissive
When maybe the major spoke.
But I read a different purpose,
When at last we got our chance,
And the most of our outfit
Joined a draft to go to France.
When along with getting ready,

Mid inspection's stir and fuss,
The only question Kyle was asking:
"Does the Major go with us?"
When informed that our company
Had been drafted near complete,
Never did he laugh so gaily,
Never did he smile so sweet.
Me and him was sort of cronies,
And I kind of guessed his mind—
Kind of guessed he didn't hanker
For to leave his Small behind.
So I said, "Oh, boy, forget it;
It's no time to hold a spite.
All the Allies now are comrades—
We've another foe to fight."

Then his face grew flushed a moment,
Lip curled with disdainful smile;
He was now as I first knew him,
Wild and reckless Johnny Kyle.
Might have made a good soldier,
Yes, as ever went to France,
Had he had more human treatment,
Had they given him a chance.
There was nothing yellow 'bout him,
I have seen him in the ring,
Blind and bleeding, but unbeaten,
Looking like a slaughtered king.
Yes, and when the bouts were over,
He'd be down at the canteen,
Buying booze to treat his rival—
He was never sore or mean.

Share his money, share his rations
In a laughing, off-hand style,
Guess there's no one in our outfit
But remembers Johnny Kyle.

That was him before they broke him,
Before he clashed with Major Small;
After he came back from Wandsworth
He was not the same at all.
Weak and worn to a shadow,
Thin and sallow, slightly lame—
Don't know what they done to tame him
But the boy was not the same.
Made a wreck of just a youngster,
Oh, the system must be great—
Left him sour, sore and sulky,
All they left of him was hate.
And our crowd was generous to him,
We all knew the deal he got,
And the word was, "He is locoed,
He's been through an awful lot."

So when I preached my little sermon
'Bout the holding of a spite,
'Bout the Allies all being comrades,
'Bout the foe we had to fight,
He leaped up, his eyes a-blazing,
Never saw a man as sore,
All the hate broke loose within him,
And he swore and swore and swore.
"Listen, Dan, I always held you
As a good true friend of mine;
For the sake of our friendship,

Don't hand me that holy line.
Hear me swear, in all of Germany
There is not one man at all,
From a Kaiser to a private,
That I hate like Ernest Small.

"I don't know a single German
Who has ever injured me,
And I wouldn't kill the guiltless
While my enemies are free.
Till I've settled with the latter,
For my part, the war is through;
Do you think that I'd be sailing
If I hadn't work to do?
For the King, I say God bless him,
Luck to him and to his throne,
But I cannot fight his battles
'Til I've settled first my own.

"Today I gazed across that water
Where I thought mabye was France,
And I said, I'll fight your battles
If you'll give me first my chance.
Some black night or some dark dawning
When there's no one else to see,
Colonels, Corporals or Sergeants,
Only Ernest Small and me.
France, your enemies are angels
'Side this enemy of mine;
No, there ain't a cur as dirty
Nowhere in the German line.
See if he will dare to curse me,
Standing on some neutral ground,

See if he will act so bravely
When the guard is not around.
Both of us are coming over,
All I'm asking is a chance,
You to referee the combat
On the battlefields of France.
With the Lord to judge between us,
If I'm living when it's through,
Then I'll take to killing Germans,
Then I'll fight my best for you.

"Dan, I spoke those words this morning
By the mess hall, spoke them loud,
And some fellows who were passing
Grinned, and said that Kyle was
'sloughed'.
Guess they thought that I was crazy,
Not the first time it's been said,
Since that Sergeant up at Wandsworth
Knocked me down and split my head.
There's some heroes up at Wandsworth,
There were seven of them there,
And I coaxed and prayed and pleaded
For just two to fight me fair.
Surely God they have to answer
If a day of judgment comes,
For the way they broke my ankle,
And they hung me by the thumbs.
But they are brutes and know no better,
And the deed can't be undone,
Perhaps the debt I hold against them
Can be paid best by the one

Who got me my trip to Wandsworth,
Wrote my crime sheets one and all,
And some day I'm going to call on
Mister Major Ernest Small.
No, no more, enough about it,
For our friendship's sake keep mum,
You can't turn me from my purpose,
Like the dog, my day will come."

Dog or demon, so it happened,
Came the day he got his chance;
Our company was holding
Rouge Plateau, somewhere in France.
Rouge Plateau, a little village
That the Germans wrecked like sin,
We were billeted about it,
Anywhere we could dig in.
Two there were who stuck together,
Meaning Johnny Kyle and I,
And at night we spread our blankets
Anywhere we found was dry.
He was acting queer and restless,
Sometimes up and sometimes down,
Like a ghost he used to wander
Half the night about the town,
'Til one day he up and told me
That the Major used to go
And remain away 'til morning
At a house in Rouge Plateau.
But he always was accompanied
By one officer or more,
Johnny said that he suspected

They had an *affaire du coeur*
With some pleasant maids or matrons,
That they used to pass the night—
"Dan, I'm watching, wait, I'll get him,
And I got to get him right.
I could shoot him, Injun fashion,
But you know that ain't my style;
Ernest Small must see me coming
And must know it's Johnny Kyle."

That night we rolled in together,
I was dozing off a while,
When I sensed a figure moving,
Wakened up, and it was Kyle.
He was staring, wild and savage,
I could see his eyes a-gleam;
I'll believe that boy was haunted—
"Dan," he said, "I had a dream.
Tell me, comrade, am I crazy?
Has this business wrecked my brain?
Dan, I wasn't really sleeping,
But I seen him—seen him plain,
With his cursed haughty manner—
Seen whom? I guess you know;
He's alone tonight; I saw him
On the streets of Rouge Plateau.
On that street, before the sunrise,
Ernest Small or I will die;
I'll be glad to get it over,
If I don't come back, good-bye."
Like a shadow out he glided,
Glided through the moonlight dim,

And I grabbed my belt and bayonet
And I glided after him.
No, I didnt try to stop him;
Yes, I had to let him go;
But I followed him unnoticed
Up the streets of Rouge Plateau.

Saw him pause beside a building,
Settle down behind a wall,
And I figured he was watching
Where the Major used to call.
By and by a door closed somewhere
In the darkness over there,
And I heard a soft voice murmur
Something like, *"Bon soir, mon cher."*
Then a man moved to the roadway,
Paused a moment by the wall,
Lit a cigarette or something,
And I saw that it was Small.
But he hardly had it lighted
And he had not moved a pace,
When another sprang before him
And had slapped him in the face.
I'm not sure what happened after,
But I know it made me smile
When I heard a wild voice shouting,
"Bon soir, mon cher! My name is Kyle!"
Then the two forms leaped together,
In wild embrace they merged as one;
I suppose that Johnny had his bayonet,
S'pose the Major had his gun.
Quickly as the battle started,

Near as quickly was it stopped,
Two forms swayed around a moment,
Came a shot, and someone dropped.
Other paused and crouched a moment,
Quickly tossed away a gun;
When he saw me move toward him,
Cursed and started in to run.
But I grabbed him by the shoulder,
Saying, "Johnny, steady man";
Then he stopped, relieved, and murmured,
"Did you see it? Did you, Dan?
Leave me, leave me, quickly, quickly,
Don't mixed in this affair.
Dan, I didn't get him dirty,
Dan, you saw I done it square.
Still I'm sorry. Oh, it's awful;
Feel I want to run and run,
All the chances was against me,
'Til I took away his gun.
Ain't it awful? Oh, it scares me
For to see him lying there.
Oh, I'm glad you saw it happen
And you know I done it square."

After I had got him quiet,
We moved over by the wall,
And we dragged away the body
Of the victim, Major Small;
Laid it in an empty cellar—
It must be lying there today,
'Cause we piled some bricks around it

And we covered it with clay.
And we never read no service
And we never said no prayer—
Figured it a good job finished,
And we left him lying there.
For I don't hold it no duty
For to lie about the dead,
Or to cover up their record
Or the kind of life they led.
When a thing's the truth, I'm claiming
That it can't be any sin,
And I'm not agin the telling
Of how Major Small cashed in.
Strange the absence of the Major
Didn't cause much stir at all;
I believe that "Killed in action"
You'll find listed Major Small.
One man aint no weighty matter
When the going is so rough,
And as for official records,
He died in action right enough.
And we heard some threatening letter
Gave the staff to understand
That the Major had been done for
By some jealous husband's hand.
Anyway, came out in orders
That no officer must go,
Except upon official business,
To the homes of Rouge Plateau.

Few days later, Fritz came over—
For what happened, let it pass,

But I gathered up some shrapnel
And I got a feed of gas.
Better men than Small was ever,
Crossed the Great Divide that day;
I didn't know what really happened
Till I woke up miles away,
And a stretcher-bearer told me
How that morning that the foe
Had advanced, he said, in thousands
And retaken Rouge Plateau.
And it may be that stiff action
Coming at the time it did,
And the Major being missing
And his body being hid,
And the records of the office
Had to count for him some way.
So they said he died in fighting
With the Heinies on that day.

Well, they are right, he died a-fighting,
Let the records have it so,
And they are right, the fighting started
On the streets of Rouge Plateau;
But the gun that got the Major
Wasn't pulled by any Hun—
I was there, and standing easy,
When the awful thing was done.
But I never told no M. P.—
For to squeal is not my style—
How I seen the Major fade out
In a fight with Johnny Kyle.
S'pose it ain't no harm to tell it

After all the fight is through—
Small is lying where we left him,
And poor Johnny died of "flu".

YOUR SERVANT, LADIES, YOUR SLAVE

Here is a verse for a shower card. Next time you "just have to attend" and don't know what to bring or what to say, drop into the chain store and grab a towel for about two-bits, then bring it to the future bride accompanied by the following beautiful 'poem':

When he lets out an awful howl
And mutters, "Curses! Where's the towel?"
As dripping wet he prances 'round,
And not a rag is to be found;
Then lay this gift at hubby's feet
And murmur to him, "Here, my sweet."

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

If all our prayers were answered it would not be long before we would be ordering God around—telling Him to hasten with His gifts and to be more prompt in future.

If a man lays down his life for a friend, it is probably because he does not think much of his life anyway. The same friend might have plenty of trouble getting ten bucks out of his hero.

"YO HO, FOR A BOTTLE OF RUM"

(During the spring and summer of 1927, the government excise officers were greatly reinforced along the shore areas of Eastern Canada, in an effort to prevent the smuggling of liquor into the Atlantic ports.)

In the town of Sydney, one Exhibition day,
I met an aged farmer from down Red Islands way—
Pleasant, friendly gent he was, full of wisdom too,
Talked about the crops and things as farmers like to do.
The "spuds" he said he'd calculate would yield an average crop,
And he said the farmers' haylofts were full up to the top;
The chickens too were thriving and the ducks were laying strong,
But he feared the coming winter would be most severe and long;
There were signs he said in Sydney that to his aged eye,
Indicated winter would be long, severe and DRY.

I met an Injun trapper of the noble Mic-Mac race—
Had the smell of spruce about him and moss upon his face—
A wild child of nature, born among the pines,
He had a natural talent for reading nature's signs.
He said the cock partridge had a curl upon his crest,
And there was a deeper crimson on the red flamingo's breast;
The north side of the cedars had an extra heavy bark

And the muskrat's fur was thicker and the moose
meat extra dark;
And certain signs had told him in the northern
evening sky
That the winter would be long and cold and VERY,
VERY DRY.

And furthermore I had it from a wreck about the
town,
Whose nerves were leaping demons and whose wires
were all down.
That a chill had hit his stomach and his veins were
all unstrung,
And the fur was extra heavy in the region of his
tongue.
The stream of life that nourished him had lately
sprung a leak,
And he was spitting cotton for pretty near a week.
From these and kindred omens it was not hard to
guess
That we would have a winter of very great distress;
Thus spoke the local prophet, concluding with a sigh,
The winter will be long and cold and VERY, VERY
DRY.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Don't shoot, Pollyanna, but I am going to declare that even mother-love has its elements of selfishness. Mother sees her own personal glory reflected in the clever or attractive child which is her product.

MY BURIED SORROW

I really believe I loved that gal, but she was totally unfitted to be the wife of a dreamer.

Oft of a stilly night she would argue with me that the possession of a bank account and a high-powered motor car was more substantial than the production of a poem.

Replying in defense of my tastes, I would remind her that there were cases of rag-pickers, junk dealers, dope peddlers, bootleggers, corrupt politicians, and crooks who were in possession of bank accounts and motor cars, and I could not see that acquiring either money or motors would add one cubit to my social stature.

"But one must eat, dear," she would reply with a trace of tears in her beautiful eyes.

"True, true," I would answer, "I never thought of that. But even considering it—even going from the sublime to the ridiculous, the fact is that I *do* eat; the fact is that recently my friends have remarked that I am getting fat, and with the exception of one period during the strike of 1925-26, I do not ever recall being hungry."

One romantic summer evening we were sitting quite close on the parlor sofa, discussing a volume of Walter Scott's poems, which volume had been my only gift to her.

She was attracted by some lines in the poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which were as follows:

My love was like a summer flower
That withered in the winter hour.

"Why do you not write something beautiful like that?" she asked, "instead of writing of Labor, Strikes, Poverty, Tramps, Whiskey, and flavoring your effort with so many 'damns' and 'hells'?"

"Labor, Poverty, Whiskey, Damns and Hells are all a part of life, dear," I answered, "and I try to write of life honestly, as I observe it."

However, while she was out preparing some light refreshments, I re-examined Scott's lines, and my brilliant young mind quickly detected a weakness in them. Ah! his love had faded like a summer flower—his love was unsubstantial. Out comes my trusty pencil, and before my lady had returned with the coffee and cake, I had prepared the following, which is not too bad, "even if I do say it, as shouldn't."

MY LOVE WAS LIKE SOME LONELY PINE

My love was like some lonely pine
On which the sun refused to shine.
No gentle breeze its branches swaved,
No kindly dewdrops on it played;
Neglected all, it stood alone,
Its bed a mountainside of stone.

Down in the valley, many a tree
And many a flower fair to see,
Bloomed upon that fertile plain,
Blessed by sun and warmed by rain—
Here lilac thrived, the wild rose too,
The oak tree and the elm grew.
Ah, winter came, as winter will,
The pine grew grand and stately still,
But when that bitter north wind cried,

All in that valley gasped and died—
It stripped the mighty oak tree bare,
Nor leaf or petal did it spare.

It stripped the oak, but not the pine,
The emblem of this love of mine
Still bravely stood, ah, grandly green,
Where not a leaf or shrub was seen.
So may all weak emotions part,
But not my love for you, dear heart.

Some reader may be curious to know if I won the fair maiden with those beautiful lines. No. Lacking the courage and nobility of the pine, she still feared the hunger—she still sought the sunlight like the summer flower. She married the bootlegger; and one day she splashed mud on me as she flashed past in her high-powered motor car. From the derisive smile that she flashed with the mud, I concluded that she considered our argument settled for all time.

It is so that I have ever found women. Beautiful flowers by the wayside—beautiful flowers constantly seeking the sunlight. Some crush them under their heel; but I would not. I leave them to wither in the winter hour.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

The insurance people very wisely bet you that your house wont burn down. You, like a sucker, bet that it will. You nearly always lose, because it very rarely burns.

I WAS ALWAYS KIND TO YOU

When we've done with love's delusions,
When we've fondly dreamed our last,
There's some crumbs of comfort left us,
If we don't regret the past.
If in gazing sadly backward,
We can truly, fairly say,
"Well, I always played this love game
In a square and honest way—
Never took a mean advantage,
Never squealed and never lied—"
There's not half the sting to losing
When you know you bravely tried.
If you have no guilty feeling
When the sorry farce is through;
Oh, I'm glad, my faithless darling,
I was always kind to you.

Kind I was and kind I will be—
Won't reproach you, will not chide,
Though you leave me sorely wounded,
Though you cast my love aside.
Let me only pray, my darling,
You will never sorry be,
And I only hope no other
Treats you as you've treated me.
Yes, I wish you all the joys, dear,
I so fondly planned for you;;
May your life be long and happy,
May your new love be as true.
Are such sentiments unseemly
When I'm wounded through and
through?

Farewell, little girl, remember
I was always kind to you.

BRAVO! COUNCILLOR—THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS, EXACT

It cheers my democratic soul to recall the story of Councillor Bagnall of the largest town in Canada.

It seems that the Duke of Something or Somewhere was expected to visit the town referred to, and the Town Council was making elaborate preparations for his reception. The matter of a conveyance from the railway station to the Town Hall was being considered, as was also the matter of placing certain carpets about the streets so that the Duke would not spoil his shoe-shine.

Progress was being made until Councillor Bagnall arose and reminded his fellow councillors and the reception committee that the adorable Duke had two good feet and was quite capable of walking from the railway station to the Town Hall. Bit of exercise will do him good, says Bagnall. Hot damn! Wish I had been there to second the motion.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

There is no evidence that "man was made to mourn", as Robert "Barrons" assures us. Life is made up of both joy and sorrow in fairly equal proportions.

I WALKED INTO A JUNGLE

I walked into a jungle
  Somewhere in the West,
I walked into a jungle
  To give my dogs a rest.
All day I tramped the dusty road
  With nothing much to eat,
Except some ripe tomatoes
  And a mug of canned heat
Shared with a wandering brother
  Called Dakota Dan.
He had a bit of money
  And was spending like a man.
Never had I hit upon
  A cuss who looked so queer—
He hadn't any eyebrows
  And he only had one ear.
Never saw this 'bo before,
  And he knew naught of me—
Met him by a little brook
  On his lonely spree.
With grace and gravity he poured
  My liquor from the can,
Says he, "Which way you heading?
  My name's Dakota Dan."

Says I, "I'm just a-drifting
  O'er the stormy sea,
North and south and east and west
  Are all alike to me,
Long as I duck the Admiral
  Who's watching out for me.

I broke loose from the Navy,
  Couple of months before—
Choked a limey officer
  Who had got me sore—
Always picking at me
  For no excuse at all,
Except he didn't like me,
  And 'cept that I was small.
I was only eighteen then—
  'Twas back in ninety-three—
And this limey officer
  Was rotten mean to me.
I never liked the breed since then,
  Don't care what others say,
He turned me 'gainst the nation
  With his nasty bragging way.
One night I up and chokes him
  Till his ugly face is grey;
That was counted blackest crime—
  I had to run away."

All this I told Dakota Dan
  Without a trace of fear,
Felt somehow I could trust him
  Although he looked so queer.
Says he, "I have a past myself,
  Well filled with ups and downs,
Don't matter 'bout my story—
  But I'm keeping shy of towns;
And the longer I avoid them,
  The longer I'll be free—
There's men in towns and cities
  That's watching out for me.

But if I'm took or not, my lad,
  I'll keep your story hid.
You choked the limey, do you tell?
  I loves you for that, kid!

"Reminds me of a story
  Of a pal that once I had;
S'pose there's some good limeys,
  But most of them is bad—
Bad for talk and boasting
  And bragging, as you say—
Maybe they cannot help it,
  It seems to be their way.
The pal I am reminded of
  Was English Johnny Sands—
That bloke could open any safe
  By feeling with his hands.
As good and brave a pal he was
  As I ever worked beside,
But he had the bragging habit,
  That kind of foolish pride.

"The police was watching for us
  After that Jamestown break—
'Twas me and Johnny pulled it,
  And we got a tidy stake.
There was a bit of action
  With a gun and with a knife,
No matter how it happened,
  But a watchman lost his life.

"One night when the police station
  Was jammed with cops and bulls,
In walks English Johnny Sands—

What d'ya think he pulls?
Saunters gaily in, he does,
A gun in each his hands—
'You're looking for me, wot?' says he,
'I'm English Johnny Sands.'
Then he opens fire
And drops a sergeant dead;
Shots come raining round him fast,
One gets him in the head.
And 'fore he died, the papers said,
The policemen heard him groan,
'I did the Jamestown killing,
And I did the job alone.'
But whether he was bragging
Right to the bitter end,
Or whether he was shielding
His former pal and friend,
Is something that no mortal
Will ever, ever know—
Some decent ways had Johnny Sands,
But was awful bad to blow."

When the booze run out, the stories
They kind of run out too,
So me and Dan lay down to sleep—
Was nothing else to do.
Walk down a road from morn to night
In dust that's ankle-deep,
And you won't need any nursing,
It isn't hard to sleep.
And in the morning early
Again I put to sea,

But first I bid good-bye to Dan,
  He done the same to me;
And he gave me twenty dollars
  From an awful roll he had—
"I hopes we meets again," says he,
"I took to ye, my lad."

I drifted through the harvest fields,
  Through miles and miles of wheat,
Doing odd jobs here and there
  To get enough to eat.
It used to make me wonder
  Why men would work all day
Out there in that wheat country
  For such lousy little pay.
I've seen blokes toil from dawn to dark
  In cold, in rain, in heat,
To get a dirty dollar
  And to get enough to eat.
I could not understand it,
  This life's a funny game—
Me doing hardly any work,
  But living just the same.
They'd tell me they were striving
  To kind of get a stake,
And strive they would, from dawn to
    dark,
  You'd think their hearts would break.
And they'd save perhaps in a season
  What was hardly any more
Than would pay their passage home
    again,

And replace the clothes they wore.
Anything was over
They would squander on a spree,
And after all their labor
They'd be broke the same as me.
The railroad and the brewery gets—
It seems mighty queer—
They get in half an hour
What he works for half a year;
Railroads and the breweries,
And the mighty wheat kings, too—
Alas, my toiling brother,
They make a fool of you.
While a gentleman of leisure,
I roam the country wide,
And there ain't nobody making
Any profit from my hide;
A gentleman of leisure,
All unrestrained and free—
The railroad and the wheat kings ain't
Got nothing much on me.

One day I passed a big board fence,
And hanging on its side
Was a picture on a paper,
Marked Daniel E. McBride;
And underneath the picture
Some sheriff fellow said
He'd pay fifteen hundred dollars
For McBride, alive or dead.
But it was most the picture
That hit me kind of queer—

That fellow had no eyebrows,
  And he only had one ear.
The sheet was old and tore a bit,
  But still I knew the man—
'Twas my friend back in the jungle,
  'Twas my friend, Dakota Dan.
Three other papers same as that
  I came upon that day,
And I hoped they'd never catch him
  As I wandered on my way;
And had I a chance to help him,
  I would do it willingly,
For the only man I'd met in months
  Who had been kind to me.
And twice that day I met some men
  Who stopped and questioned me,
They were all armed and mounted,
  'Twas a sheriff's posse.
Asked if I had seen
  In my travels far or near,
A cuss who had no eyebrows
  And who only had one ear.
And I lied most consistent
  To everything they'd say—
Swore I hadn't met a soul
  All the blessed day.
As night came on, I prayed a prayer
  That Dan would not be caught;
Seemed everyone was against him,
  And the trail was getting hot.

I walked into a jungle
  In the middle of the night,

I walked into a jungle
  Where a fire burned bright,
Where a mulligan was cooking
  And some bums were hanging round,
I walked into a jungle—
  And was thrown to the ground.
A rope was round my elbows
  And I heard somebody cry,
'Hold him, Whitey Allen,
  Maybe he's a spy.
In the morning we'll discover
  What he's doing here,
And maybe we will know by then
  If any more are near.
The posse is moving somewhere,
  Twice since the close of day
I heard some rifle fire
  And I heard a bloodhound bay.
Post a double guard around
  And waken every man—
Then welcome to the sheriff,
  Let him take us if he can!"
Then this man called Whitey Allen
  Dragged me over neath a tree,
And I kind of wondered
  What next they'd to me.
And honest, friends, I didn't care
  If they smashed my weary head—
When the going gets too rough,
  A man is better dead.
Maybe you think I'm boasting,
  Maybe you think it's queer,

But I'm going to tell you frankly
  I hadn't any fear.
Let moralists and preachers
  Still argue as they choose,
But I say a man is fearless
  When he has nothing left to lose.
After all, the sting of dying
  Is losing friends or child or wife,
But there is no sting to dying
  When you have no ties in life.
Under certain circumstances
  Life will lose its charms and hold—
There is no sting to dying
  When you're weary, hungry, cold.
Believe me too that folks have prayed
  For death to kindly come,
When it was a constant battle
  And their health was on the bum.
Since I had sailed the southern seas
  I was hardly ever well,
A kind of fever maybe—
  The doctors couldn't tell.
Night air was poison to me,
  I used to lay awake—
Malaria or something—
  I'd kind of shake and shake;
You get it in the southland,
  A kind of funny chill,
I've ate a barrel of quinine,
  But I often have it still.
My hands were tied behind me,
  My feet were roped up too;

When Whitey Allen left me
  Was nothing I could do,
But just lie there a-shaking,
  The position I was in,
Kind of lying on my hands,
  It hurt like very sin.
I managed to roll over,
  Get my face toward the ground,
And with my arms not twisted,
  'Twas more comfortable I found.
There I lay and shivered
  Through the lonely night,
Weakened by the fever,
  Wearied from the fight;
While half the world was feasting,
  I shivered there alone,
With the southern fever
  That froze me to the bone.
And through my limbs kept shooting
  Pains that hurt like sin,
And all the time I'm praying,
  Praying I'd cash in.

Hours passed, and then I heard
  A footstep in the night,
Someone was standing o'er me,
  Holding up a light.
Light flashed o'er my body
  And back from head to feet,
I heard somebody murmur,
  "Poor little bitch is beat.
I swear he's just a youngster,

And got some sickness bad,
Shaking there and shaking—
Ye will take my coat, poor lad.
Maybe he is starving,
God knows when he eat—"
Then again I heard that murmur,
"Poor little bitch is beat."

'Twas running in my dizzy head
I'd heard that voice somewhere.
But I was weak, exhausted,
And kind of didn't care.
He cut the ropes that bound me,
With a kind of angry curse,
And for a little moment
My limbs were hurting worse;
Freed from their cramped position,
I felt the bursting pains
As the blood went wildly
Rushing through my veins.
My stomach felt half-frozen
From pressing 'gainst the ground,
I pulled the coat beneath me
And turned my head around.
A chilly moon was shining,
And in shirt sleeves, standing near,
Was a man who had no eyebrows
And who only had one ear.
Glad I was to see him,
So glad I could have cried—
'Twas the man the police were hunting.
'Twas Daniel E. McBride.
A murderer to others,

To me he was a man,
My old friend of the jungle,
My old friend, Dakota Dan.
And when he recognized me,
He laughed out loud with joy—
"It's my friend, the young deserter,
It's the Adimral's boy!
And me a-thinking all the time
'Twas a dying man I had—
Wherever did you come from?
Who tied you up, my lad?
Whitey Allen's crazy—
He said you were a spy—
Come over and I'll tell him
You're a man as good as I;
Come over to the Jungle Boss,
His name's Sioux City Jim,
And I'll tell him to his face
You're as good a man as him.
No one will hurt you, mind that, lad,
While you are by my side,
There's none, I guess, that wants a fight
With Daniel E. McBride.
There's not a jungle in these parts
Where you could find a man,
Be he drunk or sober,
Would cross Dakota Dan.
I've a mind you think I'm boasting, lad,
Well, just ask anyone,
Can I fight like seven wildcats?
Can I do tricks with a gun?
Ask them if Dakota Dan

Was ever charged with fear—
Ask them who burnt off my eyebrows,
Ask them how I lost my ear.
But no one will assail ye,
Don't mind about that now,
There's lots of grub right over here—
I'll fix you up some chow.
That posse ran me hard last night
For holding up the mail;
Until I shot their bloody hounds,
And then they lost the trail.
But I must hit the railroad,
And before another day,
Before they get the scent again,
I must be far away.
And leaving, I'd advise ye, lad,
To work your way back home—
There's nothing in the hobo life,
Always on the roam.
The jungle drags you down, lad,
And some day you're like to be,
Maybe through no fault of yours,
A hunted man like me.
Fighting with the law, lad,
You always come out worst;
I never killed a mortal yet
But he tried to kill me first.
They charged me with the murder
When Sheriff Thompson died;
I didn't do that killing,
But I had to go and hide.
Reward is offered for me,

A price set on my head,
And anyone who sees me
Is allowed to shoot me dead.
Yet the one who tries it
Won't have all the fun;
As I said before, lad,
I'm handy with a gun.
Yet my time is coming,
Coming sure as fate;
Someone's going to drop me,
Drop me soon or late.
That's why I advise ye, lad,
To beat it back to town—
There's nothing in the hobo life,
The jungle drags you down."

Right good advice this seemed to be,
Spoke by Dakota Dan,
But was I not the same as him,
A marked and hunted man?
How could I wander homeward,
Back to mother's knee,
With all that cursed Navy
A-watching out for me?
Shame upon a system
That turns the world 'gainst one,
That sneaks around a mother's door
To persecute her son—
That tricks a lad to signing up
With lies about great times,
Then if the captive runs away,
It's the greatest of all crimes.

In any free man's country
  A free man should be free,
And the signing of no papers
  Ain't never holding me
To swabbing decks in Navies
  Or toting Army kits,
While I like a job I stick,
  But when I don't, I quits.
Such then, was the circumstances
  That closed my mother's door,
And so it was it happened
  I never saw her more.
Until many years of wandering
  Had made the chase grow cold,
And many years of worrying
  Had made my mother old:
Many years of wandering
  With wrecks and bums and sots
Had made me sour on the world
  And gave me bitter thoughts.
Oft in jungle company,
  With poison alky drinks
I'd toast the "good old Noivy"—
  "Blawst her lights, I 'opes she sinks!"
One night in jungle company,
  I heard a tale of strife
That was bitter, till the leader
  Of each faction lost his life;
A sheriff of the county fell,
  And on the other side,
The leader of the rebels
  Was Dakota Dan McBride.

And I felt a pang of sorrow
  And a teardrop nearly came
From an eye burnt out with whiskey
  When I heard Dakota's name.
That victim of injustice
  Was now forever free—
The only man I met in years
  Who had been kind to me.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Among the stinking propaganda eagerly accepted as truth and referred to elsewhere on these pages is that pet slogan of the employing classes, "CANADA NEEDS IMMIGRANTS." These three words roll easily off the tongue and many thoughtless persons repeat them as parrots do anything they hear. Canada does not need immigrants until every single Canadian is gainfully employed. When there are two good jobs open in Canada and no Canadians available to fill them, then, and not until then, should we admit one immigrant. Nothing is so effective to reduce wages as too many idle applicants.

* * * *

When you find two men who think exactly alike, you will have found one man who is not thinking at all.

DON'T TELL ME THERE IS NO LUCK

Don't tell me there is no luck—
I've seen too much of life,
And I know some folks are Jonahs
In this world of sin and strife.
"Our lives are what we make them,"
Bah! Don't tell that to me—
How anyone can dream such stuff
Is more than I can see.
Let us proceed to tear apart
That pet philosophy.

Captain Zebedee McMaster
He sailed the *Winnie Lee,*
She was as staunch a craft, me mates,
As ever put to sea—
That's how you start a sailor yarn,
Or so it seems to me;
I'll try and tell this as 'twas told
By Captain Zebedee.

"I've sailed the sea as man and boy
This fifty years, come fall,
And never lost a vessel yet
In fog or ice or squall.
I've been in every port, may say,
From Portland to Japan,
And I guess I know the seven seas
As well as any man.

Is there a Flying Dutchman?
Well, that, lad, I don't know—

Don't 'low there's any ghosts, myself,
Though some will tell you so.
I took *The Gull* in ninety-eight
A trip around the Horn,
The crew would talk of some strange
craft
They spied one early morn.

Square-rigged she was, and different,
None such they never see,
Her spars were bare of canvas
As they explained to me;
And yet she sailed 'bout twenty knots
Across that stormy sea.
I came on deck that morning—
The crew was one scared crowd—
Talked about that spirit ship,
'Twas the Dutchman, they allowed.

No, I don't hold to spectre ships
And such superstitious truck,
But I do believe in hoodoos,
And I do believe in luck.
Often I'm reminded of
A chance that once I had;
Ever since I knows there's luck
Of two kinds—good and bad.
Some will have the good kind
Most their whole life through,
And some can't shake the bad kind
No matter what they do.

As master of a fruit boat once
'Tween New York and Port Lamon,

I bought some lottery tickets
Each cruise that we were on;
The Great Honduras Lottery
Was a national affair,
And down about the tropics
You bought them everywhere.
Different money prizes
Were paid from time to time,
From fifty thousand dollars
'Way down to a dime;
Every trip we bought them,
As many as we could,
We never won no money though,
And never 'lowed we would.
South countries are all ready
For any gambling game—
They know the odds are 'gin them,
But they buy them just the same.
'Twould buy a stylish craft for me,
All the gold I've spent
On those Dago lottery tickets,
But I never won a cent.
I had a Scot for mate with me,
MacGregor was his name,
He was always saving pennies,
He was always "gaein' hame."
Most narrow lad that ever shipped
In any sailing crew;
He loved the "bawbees" dearly,
He loved his "whuskey" too.
The crew would often tease him
To try the lottery game—

They told him just one ticket
Might pay his passage 'hame"—
And he would have his own craft
To sail the bonny Clyde,
And maybe have a castle
Close by the river's side.

Such dreams would catch his fancy,
And he'd be tempted sore,
He'd like to try a ticket,
But he liked his dollars more;
And in the end his answer
Always was the same—
"I'm needin' all my dollars, lads,
To pay my passage hame."

One night in port, MacGregor met
Some tourists on a lark,
Too drunk they were, he said, to find
Their own craft in the dark;
He found their fancy yacht for them
And rowed them to the side;
When they handed him two bottles
For serving as their guide.
It must have made MacGregor
Water at the mouth—
The bottles held Scotch whiskey,
A rare treat in the south.
But whether Sandy won them
For serving tourists well,
Or whether Sandy stole them,
Is more than I can tell.
I only know he had them

When he came aboard that night,
Two bottles of Kilmarnock,
Two bottles, sealed and tight.

I like a drop of liquor
As well as any man,
And if its sealed and proper
I get it when I can;
And a man's deserving
Of all he ever got,
If it's Highland whiskey
And he pries it from a Scot.

We hinted hard at Sandy,
The second mate and I,
Told him of a cold we had,
And how we felt so dry.
He had it in his sea-chest,
Locked and guarded well,
From time to time he'd murmur,
"It's sma' noo for mysel."

Then we spoke of buying
One bottle of the grog,
Knowing that for money
MacGregor was a hog;
I saw his features soften
When I produced a roll—
Ten dollars, spiggot money,
Would buy MacGregor's soul.

My first bid was a dollar,
But he demanded more;
I raised past two and up to three,

But he held out for four.
We haggled for an hour,
This crafty Scot and I,
He could not get me past the three
No matter how he'd try.

Some Honduras lottery tickets
Were lying among my cash,
Some IOU's and cancelled checks
And certain other trash;
At last MacGregor weakened,
He said he had a plan—
"Would ye gi' one lottery ticket
To bind the bargain, man?"
I held them almost worthless,
And I answered Sandy quick,
"It goes, it goes, MacGregor—
Come here and take your pick."

I'll not forget MacGregor
Or the ticket that I sold—
It won for him a fortune,
Forty thousand dollars, gold!
I'll not forget the whiskey
Or the price that it cost me—
Forty thousand dollars,
Forty thousand—plus the three."

Such then, was the story
Of old Captain Zebedee,
I tell it as he told it
Years ago to me;
He was my mother's father,
Old Captain Zebedee.

So, don't tell me there is no luck—
I've seen too much of life,
And I know some folks are Jonahs
In this world of sin and strife;
"Our lives are what we make them—"
Bah! Don't tell that to me;
Once more let us proceed to kill
That pet philosophy.

Mary Cameron had two beaux
Back in her courting days,
Was undecided which to choose,
As each had pleasing ways.
Tom Burke was rich and handsome,
But fond of cards and booze;
Bill Brown was shrewd and steady—
Now which did Mary choose?
No, you're wrong, she married Bill,
With her happiness in mind;
Tom was wild and careless,
Bill seemed true and kind.

Did she live long and happy
As Mrs. William Brown?
Did Bill keep going steady
And Tom keep sinking down?
Did Tom seek the river,
Or drown himself in drink?
No, you're wrong, Tom steadied,
And Bill began to sink.
Tom Burke's wildness vanished,
He won another wife,

And they lived fairly happy
Through all the years of life.

But when poor Mary wedded,
And the fatal words were said,
Bill Brown's gentle manners
And steadiness all fled.
Selfish, cruel, Bill soon proved
The drunkard of the two;
Lazy, brutal, coward,
He beat poor Mary blue
Of all her years of misery
I have not space to tell;
With sickly kids and poverty,
Her life was just a hell.
To see her starving baby
That cried, and cried, and cried,
The only luck she ever had
Was when old Bill Brown died.

The kindest act Bill ever done
Was when he closed his lids,
And left his young wife destitute
With seven little kids.
Weak and under-nourished,
Disease soon claimed its prey,
Diphtheria that winter
Took four of them away.
Leaving with each a ghastly wound
Deep in the mother's heart--
You mothers know how hard it is
With even one to part.

And then the eldest daughter
Fell in a love affair.
Tricked by a treacherous villain,
She disappeared somewhere;
Swallowed by the city,
Born for a life of shame—
'Twas just a rotten piece of luck,
The child was not to blame.

The mother took this other blow
As only mothers can,
She prayed that God would leave her
Her two boys, Jim and Dan;
They worked on the railroad,
The last two of the seven;
One was lost upon the streets
And four were up in Heaven.

Three years passed, and it did seem
The widow's trials were o'er,
Till late one night her Dan was brought
In lifeless through the door;
One leg partly severed
And with a broken neck,
He died about his duty;
You mind the Oxford wreck?

The love she had for seven
Now centred all on Jim,
He was the apple of her eye,
She thought the world of him.
Fearfully this shattered heart
Beat for him day and night,

She seemed to fear to leave the lad
A moment from her sight;
Released him to his work at dawn
With little fearful sighs,
Welcomed him on his return
With anxious, weary eyes.
Her last and greatest sacrifice
Was to the war god, Mars,
The capitalists of Europe
Needed men to fight their wars;
The patriotic lie was told,
And the last of Mary's brood
Was conscripted in the army
To serve for cannon food.
The bewildered mother waited,
And she might be waiting yet,
Go talk to her of glory—
Jim died at Courcelette.
And when the cruel telegram
Informed her he was dead,
The widow's trials were over—
Something snapped within her head.
Go talk to her of glory,
Now that the war is o'er;
Go talk to her of glory,
You can never hurt her more.

I last saw Mary Cameron
In an asylum for insane—
All day she laughs and murmurs,
"Jim's coming home again."
A good God, in His mercy,

Left in that withered brain
A mother's happy notion–
"Jim's coming home again."
How do we know what's passing
In what seems a sickly brain?
How do we know what mean those
words,
"Jims coming home again?"
Is that widow's soul in heaven,
Waiting for her boy?
"Jim's coming home," she murmurs
With such apparent joy.

Go talk to her of glory,
To that woman old and grey,
She will laugh at you so gaily–
"Jim's coming home," she'll say.
The only idea registered
In that withered, weary head,
Is that she is waiting somewhere
For a loved one who is dead.

Now tell me Mary Cameron
Was herself the one to blame
For all her years of misery
And her daughter's life of shame;
She shunned the reckless lover, Burke,
To wed the steady Brown,
The author of her misery,
'Twas he who dragged her down.
The one of her two suitors
That really turned out worst

Was the one who seemed so steady
And virtuous at first.

"Our lives are what we make them"—
Wake up, you're on your back;
I say the course is set for us,
Our life's a beaten track;
And you'll walk the plank, my brother,
Right to the bitter end,
Your life's not what you make it—
It's all your luck, my friend.

So, don't tell me there is no luck—
I've seen too much of life,
And I know some folks are Jonahs
In this world of sin and strife.
"Our lives are what we make them"—
Ha-ha, ho-ho, he-he!
How anyone could dream such stuff
Is more than I can see.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

I have observed that it is usually the inferior people who have the most money.

* * * *

There cannot be much of evil in a generous person, and not much of good in a selfish person.

* * * *

I am always suspicious of anything that is too generally and eagerly accepted as true. It stinks of propaganda.

I WAS A STRANGER AND THEY TOOK ME IN

I was doing well that summer
In my quiet little way,
Playing close and careful,
Clinging to my pay.
Ginger-pop and buttermilk
Was all I ever drank,
And every other Monday
I was calling at the bank.
Leaving the wild women
And the horses run alone—
Got the makin's and the papers
And I used to roll my own.
I was adding to the bankroll
All I formerly spent for drinks,
Rooming in a two-by-four
And eating at the Chink's;
Reading penny papers
To pass the time away,
Dreaming nights of plans I had
To make a spread some day.
Until one day in early autumn
I had a thousand cold in cash—
My reward for drinking buttermilk
And eating Chinese hash;
And my pride grew with my bankroll
As I prospered day by day,
Until at last I spoke of thousands
In a careless, off-hand way.
I would pose around the corners,

And I used to think it great
To discuss big men of finance
And deals in real estate.
I had substantial feelings
Like a modern self-made man,
And I had a little lady
And we had a little plan;
I would write her every Sunday,
And my letters all were filled
With talk of nice locations
And a plan I had to build.
But, alas, my dreams and bankroll
All vanished with a crash—
I am still a lonely bachelor
And I still am eating hash.
Ain't it strange how great disasters
May be caused by little things?
Would you think my life was ruined
'Cause I had too many kings?
I know there's those who argue
That to gamble is a sin,
Though it tells right in the Bible
About "taking people in";
And it was in the holy book
That long ago I seen
Something 'bout a business
Of making people clean;
But I don't talk religion -
We never could agree -
But when it comes to "cleaning" folks,
Just listen here to me.

One day that was not Monday,
But around about that time,
There were some bells a-ringing,
When I met a friend of mine;
And after we had had a smoke
And had a little talk
And told a little story
And took a little walk,
He asked me if the simple life
Wasn't kind of tame,
And would I like to meet the boys
And maybe have a game?
He knew a spot, a block away,
Cosy little room,
Jolly bunch of boys, says he,
And led me to my doom.

Place was up a little alley,
Well, no matter where;
Nice and quiet for a killing—
And the killers all were there.
Says he, "This is Jack the Ripper,"
And I says, "Oh, howdy do"—
I bows polite to Mike the Greek,
And Irish Paddy too;
Then up jumps Art and Frenchy,
And grins at me with glee—
Says they is pleased to meet me,
And they were too, I could see;
Then I meets with little Hymie,
And a miner, Sandy Ray,
Who never made a winning

In forty years of play;
But like a prince of suckers
Sandy always stuck,
Always, always waiting
For just a little luck.
The more they went agin him,
The more that Sandy tried,
Figuring to catch a hand
Some day before he died.
Yes, and there are others
Working the same way;
Some are born to win it,
And some are born to pay.
Now, I'm as keen a player
As ever held a tight,
And some day I'm going over
And I'm going to get them right.
Remember that there three-flush?
Now anyone could see,
Not that I mind losing,
But listen here to me.
Was plenty stuff around to drink,
Smokes and everything,
When Mickey takes two decks of cards
And throws them in the ring.
Someone tells how he hates money—
Only plays for it for fun—
So we make it "two and four" to start,
And the slaughter had begun.

Now, like every other fellow
Who ever played the game,

I count myself as pretty keen—
I guess we're all the same.
I think my face is marble,
I have lots of nerve and pluck,
But I'm always, always waiting
For just a little luck.
And if what's owing to me
Would only come my way,
I guess there'll be some weeping—
Oh, I'll bust the bank some day.

Well, I made a pair the first hand dealt,
But they weren't any size;
I throws them down, disgusted like,
I guess I'm pretty wise;
When they are coming that way
It's best to sit and wait:
And say, the deal had gone around
Before I took the bait.
A jack and king and ten-spot
Is grinning up at me,
And every one a diamond—
A pretty sight to see.
Jack the Ripper opens,
Holding up a pair,
So I figures as I'll raise it
To remind them I am there.
I holds the pretty diamonds
And throws the trash away;
"Stranger raises with his three,"
I heard somebody say.
I figured that would fool them,
I needn't spoil my hand,

And with the pretty diamonds
My chances still was grand.
But this Jack is rich and crazy
As any setting hen,
Or he must have read me proper,
For he raises back again.
Well, it's no use to weaken
When they got you on the gaff,
Says I, "I hate to do it,"
With a kind of dirty laugh—
Throws eight dollars in the pot
To carry out my bluff,
Hoping that this Ripper
Would feel he had enough.
But we kept raising back and forth,
Running neck and neck
Until I clean myself of capital
And have to write a check.
Well, he draws three and I draws two,
The others all had quit,
I shuffles up my hand a bit
And takes a look at it.
My straight and flush is busted,
But I caught a king of hearts
And a measly trey of diamonds—
And here my trouble starts.
I am holding up two healthy kings,
And if he hadn't caught,
I've still a more than even chance
To carry home that pot.
Jacks, queens, or kings or aces
He must have had to start,

But to figure how he finished
Was enough to break your heart.
He roars, "I bet four dollars!"
You know that nasty style—
Just like he knows for certain
He's got you beat a mile.
I rate him still at just a pair,
Though I start to feel a pain,
To kind of feel him out some more
I murmurs once again;
And we kept raising back and forth—
I couldn't make him call—
Until at last I says, "What are they?"
'Cause my cash was getting small.
Well, you are right, he had the aces,
That's rotten luck I will say—
I reaches for the fountain pen
And throws the kings away;
Writes myself another check
For just a hundred more,
Smiling nice and pleasant,
Pretending I ain't sore.
Then I takes to careful playing,
Would hardly ever stay,
But that's just another system
Of throwing gold away.
The luck I had that evening
Would aggravate a saint—
When I calls they has 'em,
When I don't they aint.
Sitting in the sucker seat,
Could do nothing right—

Bluffed out with a four-flush,
Beaten with a tight;
Couldn't get to working
No matter how I'd play,
Till at last my head was dizzy
And my nerves were wore away.
Then I takes to raising,
Shattered every rule,
Without a chance of winning,
Plunging like a fool.
It was easy picking
Candy from a child –
And there's always plenty pickers
When you gets to running wild.
I was just the "wrong guy",
No matter how I'd play
I hadn't nothing coming–
It wasn't just my day.

Yes, I had more a-coming,
And plenty more at that–
Soon me and Irish Paddy
Is rolling on the mat;
And he gave me a cleaning
I'll recall my dying day –
Four kings against a lot of spades,
It happened in this way.
I broke her with a pair of kings–
Jack, Art and Mike played in –
Paddy looks his over once
And raises with a grin.
I knew, same as he told me,

I was in another pinch—
This Paddy was as tight a lad
As ever checked a cinch;
Decent sort of fellow,
But just had saving ways;
Someone says, "He got a ton,"
And so we only stays.
Mike the Greek is dealing,
Paddy asked for one,
The rest of us took plenty,
And the battle had begun.
When I lifts my paper up
And takes a look at it,
Sees four different kinds of kings,
I nearly had a fit.
And so I'm sitting plenty soft—
Least that's the way it looked,
But I figure how I'll not attack
Till I gets them proper hooked.
And so I groans, "I guess I'll check."
Maybe they'll raise me back,
I'm sure to catch this Paddy,
And maybe Art and Jack.
Ain't I hoping they got plenty,
'Specially this Jack,
Now if he had, maybe, four queens,
Would I get my money back!
When I checks them, Paddy bets them
Just like I thought he would;
Mike quits, Jack calls, Art raises
My plan was working good.

Now it's my turn to laugh, ha! ha!

You know that sneering way;
I got them heavy here, says I,
Get ready men, to pay.
Chucks eight dollars in the pot
Same as it was dirt;
Paddy still keeps smiling,
But I sees the rest is hurt.
Paddy raises prompt again,
Says he, "Ain't we got fun?"
Jack the Ripper quit us cold,
Arthur also run.
Jack the Ripper had the queens,
But, curses, only three;
Art laid down a flush of hearts—
Small stuff that to me.
I looks at Paddy and I says,
My boy, you got a tight,
But anyway I raises back,
And Lord defend the right.
Paddy throws in eight more bucks,
Still grinning up at me,
That made me kind of wonder,
Thinks I, oh, can it be?
What had he when he raised her?
If I had him figured right,
It wasn't any hunch hand—
He played the game too tight.
He couldn't have four aces,
'Cause I threw an ace away,
Which made it all the harder
To figure out his play.
If he just had something starting,

Big or little things,
Was no way he could finish
Better than my kings.
Any way I read him
Showed him holding four,
Four was useless to him,
So I raises back some more.
And I kept raising at him
As long as I was able,
Till all my summer's earnings
Was lying on the table.
Yes, I backed them four old monarchs
With my cash and checks and all,
Turned my pockets inside out,
And then I had to call.

You ask me why I never smile,
And why my hair is gray,
You ask me why I joined the church—
It all occurred that day.
Ain't it strange how great disasters
Can be caused by little things?
Every night I lay me down
I dreams about them kings.
And when I has a nitghtmare,
It's the same things haunting me—
I sees a dirty flush of spades,
From a seven to a three.
The same that Paddy showed me,
That was what he made—
A three, four, five, six, seven,
And every one a spade.

Now, there's a cleaning for you,
Would wring the hardest heart,
But I never blinked an eyelash—
I had to play my part;
Smiles at Irish Paddy
Like any tortured saint,
Takes a little drink of hooch
So's I wouldn't faint.
I don't believe to borrow
Will get you anywhere;
I takes another drink of hooch
And pushes back my chair.
You know that sickly feeling
After you been rolled—
When someone gets your female,
Or someone gets your gold.
Only 'twould be yellow,
You feels you wants to cry;
Only pleasure left you
Would be to go and die.
But, brother, never weaken,
Just go on and play,
You has more a-coming—
You'll go clean again, some day.

* * * *

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

It is not true that figures don't lie. You may prove nearly anything by figures cleverly manipulated—that's how they balance the budget.

LITTLE TEACHER, HEAR MY PLEA

(The first time I was in love, it was with one of my school teachers—or was it really love? I have often suspected since that it was just the ever-present itch to write another poem and to avoid the hated mathematics and other unromantic studies.)

Little teacher, hear my plea,
Is there, then, no hope for me?
Must a pupil long neglected
In the finals be expected
For to show excess of knowledge
Qualifying him for college?
When the term is o'er at last,
Must he suffer for the past?

Ah! worldly honors, great and small,
Degrees, awards, I scorn them all;
Away, away—I seek my prize
Deep within the teacher's eyes.
Leave ink-lined parchments and such toys
For giggling maids and gawky boys;
Mine be the bolder pirate part
I seek the little teacher's heart.

My pirate part is poorly played—
A pirate, I? And fear a maid?

(As will be evident, I never completed this effort, for while I was still panting with passion, the class was dismissed, and I went forth with a couple of randy pals to steal apple at a nearby orchard. Caught red handed, I was reported to my lady idol, who in

turn sent me to the principal, a hoary, hated he-man, and I narrowly escaped being expelled from school. Thus was I betrayed many times since by the female of the species. Indeed, I have found them all false—all except one.)

* * * *

HERE'S TO YOU!

It's pizen, it's pizen, the hooch you get today;
They are making it of garbage,
I have heard some people say.
Tobacco juice for color,
With a dash of iodine—
They have the phoney labels
And the sealing all down fine.
Ho! Comrade, pass the bottle!
No, thank you, none for me;
I never even touch it—
But I lose my dignity.

* * * *

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

It is now my duty to expose the "immortal bard of Avon." What says the immortal bard? *"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."* You are a false knave, Will Shakespeare. The attitude of humanity is to speak no ill of the dead. Epitaphs and funeral orations are usually more complimentary than true. Thus it is the good that men do lives after them and the evil is interred with their bones.

OH, MY POOR FANNY RAVEN

Bonny Fanny Raven, I would have you know,
Was my little sweetheart, years and years ago;
Was my little kid love when I was seventeen,
She was two years younger, and such a little queen—
Fresh and pert and pretty as any in the town,
And Fanny's eyes were dreamy and Fanny's curls were brown.
But my poor Fanny Raven went out into the night
Like a golden butterfly attracted by the light—
Fresh and pert and pretty, she walked the avenue
And the wolves surrounded her as wolves will ever do.
They took her to the wineshops—oh, it's a shame to tell—
They put her in the taxis and they rode with her to Hell.
That tragic road for women, where there isn't any stop.
Oh, my poor Fanny Raven, they filled her full of hop,
Then they clawed her cruel, drugged her up with drinks,
Took her naked body and flung it to the Chinks
For a can of opium, when they had a yen—
Wolves are not so cruel, these other things were men.
Oh, better Fanny Raven, we were in our grave,
Than I should live to see you a yellow heathen's slave.
What are these words I'm saying? It seems my head ain't right
Since my Fanny Raven went out into the night

I'll get my spoon and needle and my little alky pot,

My precious litte powder, and cook myself a shot.
Every time I take it, seem's I'm wanting more—
Started out with half a grain, now I'm taking four.
God, ain't it a wonder how I ever live?
My arms and legs are punctured like a common sieve.
Cursed needle's rusty—I'll have another sore;
Still I got to chance it—I haven't any more.
Now if I could fall asleep and maybe never wake—
I'll just lie here a minute; I'll soon be feeling jake.

THE DOPE DREAM

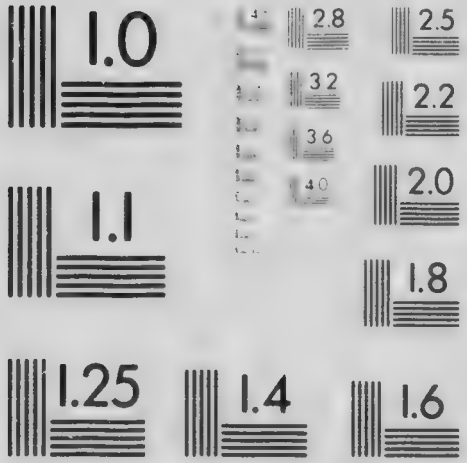
Powder box is empty, but what is that to me?
I got a dozen shiploads coming o'er the sea,
Twelve ships of the navy, tomorrow they'll be here—
I got to meet a sailor with a cauliflower ear.*
Admiral is a friend of mine, and swore he'd see it through,
"But, Dock," says he, "don't tell the king I'm doing this for you."
See, the *Hawk* and *Hood* and *Hesperus will be* loaded with morphine,
We will pick it up in Chili, or maybe Argentine—
Or if you fancy heroin, tell you what I will do—
Load up a cargo at Port Said and bring it here to you.
Other six ships of the line we'll load up with cocaine,
That had ought to hold you 'til we come around again.
Belonging to the navy, we will pass the customs clear,
Just watch out for a sailor with a cauliflower ear.
Used to be a fighter, name of Tommy Lee,
Until one night he killed a man and ran away to sea.
When you has Lee spotted, watch him for the sign
Known to all the dope ring from the arctic to the line.

He will raise his hand up—look, he will raise it so,
Just like he was taking a little whiff of snow.
Then you roll your sleeve up and give your arm
a stab
Just exactly like you do when you takes a jab.
If you get away with that, Lee will know you're right,
And the stuff will come ashore some time through
the night.

Powder box is empty, but what is that to me?
I got a dozen shiploads coming o'er the sea.
Hell! A dozen shiploads? Couldn't store them here
He said to meet a sailor with a cauliflower ear.
Was that just a hop dream, or am I half awake?
My nerves are getting queerer every shot I take.
Still I'm sure of one thing, that I am to blame
For the fall of Fanny and for her life of shame.
No, I didn't spoil her—were better if I had—
Loving her so dearly, I couldn't treat her bad.
She was warm and tender, generous with her smiles,
Without a maiden's coyness, without a woman's wiles,
Generous little maiden, was nothing she kept hid.
Once she whispered to me, "Gee, I love you, kid."
Another time she told me, gazing in my eyes,
How her breasts were swelling up twice their former
size.
Oh, my poor Fanny Raven didn't have a mother,
She was left an orphan with an older brother—
No one to advise her, none to teach her right,
So my poor Fanny Raven went out into the night.
No, you shall not scorn her, or hurt her with abuse,
Blame your cursed system that sets the wolf pack
loose;

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

Lying, cruel cowards that dare to talk of love,
Might well corrupt an angel descended from above.
Slick and slinking hunters, ready for the call—
There's things about the streets tonight that are not men at all—
Ones who think it clever to deceive a female child,
And the world forgives them, calls them only "wild".
The brute who rapes a maiden is kinder far to her,
Is certainly more honest than the other slinking cur
Who tells her that he loves her—that she should be on the stage—
That he's going to advance her, and her style is all the rage.
Ritzy Izzy Kaufman was a man about town.
A mighty hunter Izzy was, at running women down—
Pimped for Flossie Farnum who ran the Broken Heart
A kind of drinking brothel where women got their start
Start in silly folly, start in vice and sin—
One by one and two by two, the slavers brought them in,
Just to have a little drink and see a bit of life—
Never trust a snow-bird, he'd sell sister, sweetheart, wife
For that cursed powder, when he has a yen,
He'd take a chance on hell itself—he's not like other men.
Woe to the little maiden who wants to be "dead game",
Who trusts herself among the wolves, who seeks a local fame:
For it's nature's plan that women will be a lure to man,

Chase has been in progress since the world began.
With all our nice conventions, man is the cave-man still,
Some will hunt to cage them and some will hunt to kill;
Ritzy Izzy Kaufman was the killing kind,
As slick and smooth a hunter as you would ever find.
Along the lighted avenue Izzy's trap was set,
'Twas here that Fanny Raven fell into the net.
What chance has the victim enfolded by the snake,
When his coils are round her, except to bend and break?
Useless her entreaties, feeble is her fight,
'Twas thus that Fanny Raven was lost to me one night.

Days and weeks I hunted all around the town,
Hanging round the dives at night and sinking, sinking down;
Asking, asking questions of every wreck I met,
Drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking to forget.
God! Ain't it a wonder how low a man can go?
I learned to love the hop-pipe, I learned to snuff the "snow"—
Started at the needle then and maybe two years pass
'Twas one night in the Broken Heart I met the Langham Lass.
Used to be an actress, toast of all the town,
Until she kind of weakened and some hunter dragged her down.
I staked her to a dream or two, and we had a little talk,

I done two years in medicine, the gang all called me
"Doc".
And so it was it happened before the night was thru,
"Doc," speaks up the Langham lass, "I got some news
for you—
Quiet, Flossie is looking, now keep this 'neath your
lid,
But, Doc, so help me heaven, I seen your losted kid
Lying in a layout, down at Sing Fat Low's,
Sucking at a heathen pipe, dressed in Chinese clothes.
And, Doc, I'll tell you further, who was it, do you
think?
But Flossie's prize pimp, Izzy, sold her to the Chink.
Flossie made him do it—was jealous of the kid—
Gang all knows about it but kind of keeps it hid;
Scared of Flossie Farnum—she's watching all the time
And runs a gang of gunmen would croak you for a
dime."

Now it's not always better to believe a snowbird's
rhyme,
Not that they mean lying, but they are dreaming half
the time,
Head is always dizzy with snow and dope and drinks,
Still I'm sure the lass was right 'bout Izzy and the
Chinks.
And I'm almost certain—yes, it was me, I think,
Croaked this Izzy Kaufman and threw him in the
drink.
Way that I remember, I followed him one night
And sunk my fingers in his neck—was yellow,
wouldn't fight;

And I am reminded, he was always scared of me,
Guilty conscience, I expect—was haunted like, you
see.
If I looked him in the face, he would always quail,
Often I had wondered why the dirty rat turned pale.

Yes, I followed him one night, where he used to go,
Down to a foreign-looking craft to get a load of snow;
Sunk my fingers in his neck—was like a babe to me—
Dragged him out upon the dock and chucked him
in the sea.
Even laughed out loudly to see the beggar sink,
Saying, "Fanny Raven, you are avenged, I think."
What? Such action shocks you? Was murder you may
claim,
Yet perhaps it saves some maiden from sorrow, sin
and shame.
Anyway, I'm not to blame, my head ain't somehow
right
Since my poor Fanny Raven went out into the night.
Flossie of the Broken Heart made an awful fuss
And really went in mourning for that slimy cuss;
Police called it a gang job and weren't much per-
turbed,
There's lots of little rivalries in the underworld.
I shifted from the Broken Heart after that debt was
paid,
And I was down in Sing Fah Low's the night they
pulled the raid—
Hung around that hop-joint off and on a year,
Because I kind of fancied my little girl was near.
Waiting, always waiting, watching like a cat
For a chance to see her and take her out of that.

The night the big police wagon backed up to the door,
I was in a poppy-dream, lying on the floor,
And I'm sure I saw her, running as in fright
Away from that old heathen—God help me, what a sight.
Her hair hung loose, one eye was blacked, her face was pale and thin,
I started up to grasp her, just as the police broke in.
Something hit me on the head, I sunk back to the floor,
Found the chains about my wrists, and then I knew no more
Until I woke up in a cell; they found the drugs on me
And eighteen awful months went by before they set me free.
Nothing much to live for, wrecked in heart and head,
Constant, cursed, craving craze—better I was dead.
When the poppy gets you, it ain't no use to fight,
You don't know when you're dreaming, you don't know when you're right;
I only know I'm wretched, wretched day and night.

Since my poor Fanny Raven went out into the night
Like a golden butterfly attracted by the light,
Fresh and pert and pretty, she walked the avenue,
And the wolves surrounded her as wolves will ever do.
They took her to the wineshops, oh, it's a shame to tell,
They put her in the taxis and they rode with her to hell—
That tragic road for women where there isn't any stop;

Oh, my poor Fanny Raven, they filled her full of hop,
Then they clawed her cruel, drugged her up with
drinks,
Took her naked body and flung it to the Chinks.
Dreaming always of her . . . I must get out of here . . .
I got to meet a sailor with a cauliflower ear—
Used to be a fighter, name of Tommy Lee,
Until one night he killed a man and ran away to sea.

HAVE ANOTHER SHOT, BROTHER

I may go into the government store,
But I never take a drink;
What was it changed my habits?
Was it preaching, do you think?
Or was it prohibition
Made me cut the life I led?
No, it wasn't prohibition—
'Twas that sarpent on my bed.

FRASER'S PHILOSOPHIES

I have known a great many Irishmen, but I have never yet heard a real one say, "Bejabers" or "Begorra."

* * * *

Nobody ever saved anybodys life—the most they could do is postpone their death.

Be he prince or peasant, be assured that if he can get on your back, he will ride you.

ME AND JONAH

Now, you heard of Jonah, got ate by the whale,
Well, hearken to another Jonah tale:
Jonah was a jinx guy who sailed the sea,
But old man Jonah had nothing on me;
For it's simple truth, since the day of my birth
I'm the boss jinx guy of this dreary earth;
And if any old whale ever swallowed me,
He'd have kept me swallowed, most certainly.
For Jonah got a break when the whale let him go,
But there's no such break in my tale of woe.
My life has been dreary and devoid of hope—
Won't you listen to the horrors of my horror-scope?
I was born 'neath a leaden sky
While the ravens croaked, "Here's a boss jinx guy!"
The air was heavy and the day was warm,
And my milk turned sour in a thunder storm;
And I was so pretty and neat and sweet
That the flies near ate me up complete
While I lay in my blanket curled
Says I to myself, "It's a bum old world."
I had every sickness in the whole creation
From the weeping excemy to the constipation—
Went a few fast rounds with the old T. B.
And other epidemics that arrived with me.
Other kids went to the angels on high,
But I was unlucky and could not die—
No, I had to live and go to school
And bend my back 'neath the golden rule.
I was beaten blue every time I fought—
Every prank we played, 'twas me got caught.
Could I ever grade? Hadn't brains enough—

Found them ABC's pretty heavy stuff.
It was not my fault, it was just my fate,
If I were there yet, would I graduate?
I love every lady that I ever see,
But there ain't no lady ever fancied me;
Got no children, got no wife,
Never won a smile in my dreary life.
And when the grim reaper slams shut my book
All I'll get from Peter is a dirty look.

If You Can't Say Something Good About Me, Please Say Something Bad

This writer always believed that a certain amount of advertising was essential to the promotion of any product, and at one time in his career, when he had several thousand books *(Songs of Siberia)* to market, needed a lot of advertising that he could not afford to undertake in any big way. So he made an arrangement with a couple of newspapers that he would write sport and other comment for them with no salary consideration but with the privilege of mentioning himself or his product in his columns. Probably the public got pretty sick of him, but he sold the books and made possible the introduction of this third edition.

There was also another medium of advertising he encouraged in the person of the village gossip. That was the year 1920, and returned soldiers were already becoming unpopular. For some reason the press of that date seemed anti-war veteran. True, many of the boys were unemployed and some got into trouble,

but it was noted and remarked by them that if the papers were reporting their offense, the item would always conclude with the added information: "The accused is a returned soldier." But if the accused were a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker, the press would never comment on that fact. This writer had been in Russia, and had expressed certain radical views. He had not entirely got the vodka out of his system and had a silly delusion that he was an expert at playing poker. So if he heard that the lady up street had called him a secret agent of Lenin, the village drunkard, or a "desprit gambler", he never discouraged such gossip. Fact was that he recognized this as another kind of free advertising—and the fact was unmistakable that the books sold better while the gossips kept up the advertising service. It was indeed fear that my allies would run out of material that inspired the following lines:

If you can't say something good about me,
  Please say something bad;
Lay on, McDuff, my hide is tough,
  I'll thank you for the ad.
I'll bless you, brother, for a boost,
  And thank you for a knock,
I don't care what you say about me,
  If you'll only talk.

"They say" I won a maiden once,
  As fair as Sheba's queen;
We had a lovely little home
  And a child named Margerine;

And with my wife and baby
  I was happy as heart could think,
Until I started to roll the bones
  And gamble and cuss and drink.

And one awful night as the clock struck twelve,
  Oh, darkest deed of my life –
I entered my home at that tragic hour
  And murdered my fair young wife;
Set the house on fire,
  And then—oh, shame of shames—
I picked up little Margerine
  And threw her in the flames.

Then I took the gold the missus
  Was saving for the rent,
Broke the bank of Margerine
  And took out every cent;
Gathered up of value
  Everything I saw,
And took it down to Mickey's place
  To play a game of "draw".
And as I left the house, "they say",
  I heard a childish scream,
"Save me, papa! Save me!"
  'Twas little Margerine.

"They say" for that there cruel deed
  My soul is damned deep—
The reason I stay out all night
  Is 'cause I cannot sleep.
Observe about my features
  This look of haunted fear,

It's 'cause the little voices
  Are always in my ear.
"They say" each midnight hour
  I hear that childish scream,
"Save me, papa! Save me!"
  It's little Margerine.

If you can't say something good about me,
  Please say something bad;
Lay on, McDuff, my hide is tough,
  I'll thank you for the ad.
I'll bless you, brother, for a boost,
  And thank you for a knock,
I don't care what you say about me
  If you'll only talk.

"They say" I am a bolshevist
  Of deepest crimson stain—
That I sent the poison candy
  To the young prince of Spain;
That I murdered Judge McHenry
  Down in Caroline,
For hanging Red O'Donnell,
  Who was a pal of mine.

They call me here a Robespierre,
  A Jean Paul Marat—
I love to see the red blood flow,
  And pleasant sights like that.
I love the howl of the mob
  And the torches burning red;
Yes, I love that brother,
  When I'm dreaming in my bed.

But, if you can't say something good about me,
  Please say something bad;
Lay on, McDuff, my hide is tough,
  I'll thank you for the ad.
I'll bless you, brother, for a boost,
  And thank you for a knock,
I don't care what you say about me
  If you'll only talk.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

When unobserved, cooks, caterers and others who handle food products are only as clean and careful as it is convenient to be. You have no protection.

* * * *

It is not true that if you save your pennies carefully you will quickly become rich. The process is slow—terribly slow.

* * * *

I have never fully forgiven my school teachers for telling me so many lies—"The old Queen was the greatest person on earth . . . if I used tobacco I would never grow up . . . the national flag has always stood for justice."

YE MARINERS UPON LIFE'S SEA

Ye mariners upon life's sea,
Are you unchartered, sailing free,
On pleasure bent, released from care,
Or sail ye forth for riches rare?
Like pirates of the Spanish Main
Or seekers after pleasure vain,
The wealth, success or fame you court
Are worthless in your final port;
And ere your human powers fail,
Clear up your decks and trim your sail—
Throw all that cargo overboard
And for a pilot choose the Lord·
A fairer land he will guide you to—
Stand firm and hold the helm true.

Wouldst think yon harbor passing fair?
Yet it is filled with grief and care,
With jealousies, despair and strife—
It boasts the vanities of life.
I have steered my craft there many a day—
They call it Dissipation Bay—
A land of brothels, dives and inns,
Where men drink to forget their sins,
And women smirk and cheat for gold,
And prematurely all grow old;
With bleeding hearts they must seem gay—
Sail, mariner, away, away.

And see yon port of town and tower?
The harbor that of wealth and power;
What fairer prospect might be found?

But it was there I ran aground.
'Twas there the wild waves swept my deck
And drove me forth a hopeless wreck.
In yonder port your friend's your foe –
Oh, yes, I've been there, and I know;
Ah! think not it's because I fail
I caution you to trim your sail.
In yon port rest you never find,
You buy its wealth with peace of mind;
There's treacherous shoals in yonder bay–
Sail, mariner, away, away.

But where away? You ask of me;
What phantom harbor o'er the sea?
Seek I not gold or treasure priced
With yon strange pilot, Jesus Christ?
I am risking much, you say to me,
To trust such pilot on life's sea;
I am risking much to seek a shore
That men just heard of and no more.
I am sailing o'er the ocean wide,
A phantom pilot by my side.
I am seeking but, you say to me,
A phantom land that may not be.

I answer, it is all too true,
Alas, my pilot is known to few;
Alas, again I well may fail
To reach the port for which I sail.
But if I'm wrecked on life's wild sea,
It's through no pilot's treachery;
It's not my pilot then who fails,
He has saved me through a thousand gales.

Its rather because I turned about
From the course he pointed out;
Or perhaps I fell asleep some night
And failed to hold the helm right;
Or perhaps I touched some false port where
My spirit sank in dark despair,
And counting neither crime nor cost,
Dismissed my pilot, and was lost.

No, let me rather do my part
With willing hand and humble heart;
Be grateful here for all he gave
And wait his pleasure beyond the grave.
Shipmates with him I've planned to be,
Then welcome come eternity.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Never be satisfied with being some "big man's little man." To be a mental servant is more degenerating than to be a body servant.

If you attach yourself to some new political or patriotic party, don't try to take something out of the party—try to put something into it. Anything that is being constantly plucked and plundered will inevitably perish.

A craze for motoring suggests that one is a rather simple person who would probably spend all his nickels for rides on the merry-go-round at the county fair.

MY FANS, BOTH OF THEM

If my lady, at home, produces with her needle and silken thread an attractive piece of fancywork, or hooks a mat with colors skilfully blended—if grandpa develops a beautiful flower garden—or even if the loafer around the village park whittles out with his jack-knife some clever or useful design — I presume that these might all be considered artistic efforts, and even if the much-despised poet produces a book of verse I think all share a certain pride in the accomplishment. The thing is creative—it is his or hers exclusively; and unless the work is a vulgar copy, such art cannot be taught.

But such artists are timid creatures and have a terror of receiving praise that is not deserved. They are suspicious of applause, but if such applause is proven sincere it is the artist's greatest reward. Real artists scorn money. In fact with a peculiar conceit they consider their work beyond price. They do not like to measure its value in terms of gold or silver as if it were potatoes, fish or firewood. It seems indeed that God, the real owner and dispenser of such talent, agrees with his humble servant, the artist on whom He bestows the gift, for it has been proven in many cases that as soon as the artist rushed his work—probably urged on by equally greedy publishers with an eye to large production and profit—that artist found some bright morning that his talent had departed, withdrawn by the great dispenser of all gifts, who, being a God, doubtless scorns greed as one of the greatest vices.

On a certain day, some years ago, I left the plant of my publishers with as many volumes as I could conveniently carry of my first book under title *Songs of Siberia.* I felt proud but doubtful as I marched down the streets of that city. I knew that all poets were considered crazy, and while I had received applause from my small circle of friends on being the author of a book, I feared my friends were just "kidding" me in order to be agreeable. True, I had won many prizes, in fact all the prizes, reading my stuff at army entertainments called "Hook Nights"; but perhaps most of my compositions dealing with life and experiences in the army would only amuse soldiers and would seem vulgar and ridiculous in more refined circles.

I determined to test out the material in my book in some neutral field with an audience that could not properly be called either my friend or my foe. Within the covers of my book was a fragment which I called *My Little Refugee,* and was suggested by an incident in Russia. I sought out a street which seemed by its appearance to be inhabited by people of the so-called middle class. Approaching what looked like a comfortable home, I marched up the steps and rang the bell, and was soon confronted by an attractive young lady who invited me to step in. Hat in hand, and with my most graceful bow, I announced that I was the author of a little book of verse, and would the young lady be so kind as to read this very short piece indicated by where I held the book open. With a doubtful smile the sweet creature accepted the book and went bravely to work, while I stood there in

suspense. Soon she was interrupted by a voice coming from somewhere in the interior of the house.

"Who is it, Marie? What is it, Marie?"

The question was repeated rather impatiently, and the reader paused long enough to reply, "Oh, a man is here with a book of poems."

"What are they like, Marie? Are they nice, Marie?" the invisible one demanded. And God bless that Marie—I could have kissed her on the spot, had I not been too well-mannered to take such liberties.

"Oh, yes, it's cute, Anne," said Marie. "I will be glad to buy this book, Mister. How much is it?"

And thus I had made my first sale.

My next experience with the book was equally satisfactory and more amusing. I had just registered at the hotel in a certain small town, and here it seemed that my fame had preceded me. The proprietor, who was also the chef, dressed in white with the round cap on his head and the smell of fried onions about his person, glanced at my name on the register and said, "Oh, are you Dawn Fraser who was in Russia? We were looking for you."

"What's the charge?" I grinned back at my host.

"Do you know a fellow named Jones?" said the man in white.

"I have known several individuals who bore the distinguished name of Jones," I replied.

"But do you remember a Billy Jones who was with you in Siberia?"

"Sure. Where is he?" I asked in pleasant anticipation.

"'Oh, he's out west, but he wrote us asking to try and locate a book of yours. He's my son-in-law," the hotel man confided.

"I am most happy to serve you on the spot. That second grip of mine over there contains many of the treasures of verse that you seek," says I.

"I will take two—one for Billy and one for myself. Price immaterial—credit it on your bill when you are checking out."

I deivered the goods on the spot, and the hotel man laid one on the office table or desk and retired to the kitchen with the other, pawing over the pages as he went.

The hotel office was comfortable, with a fire burning in the grate and two large leather chairs in front of it. I sunk into one of the chairs and lit a cigar. Soon a man with two grips came down the stairs, went to the phone and asked somebody to send a taxi for Mr. So-and-so. While he was waiting for this transportation the man glanced around, but did not seem to observe me, as I was well buried in the big chair. I had a perfect view of him, however, in a big mirror that hung over the fireplace. The man noticed my book, or mine host's extra book, lying on the table. He picked it up idly, evidently to pass the time, and from where it was opened I judged he was reading one of my offerings called *One Night on Kopek Hill.* I wondered if the thing would hold his attention. It seemed that it did. Glancing up and addressing nobody in particular, the man murmured, "Hello, where did this come from?" Then he resumed

reading, still standing up. Presently a young fellow stuck his head in the door and announced, "Taxi for Mr. So-and-so", wheeled on his heel and departed. Attracted by the summons, the reader moved as if to drop the book, then motioned as if to turn down the corner of the page;; but finally with a quick guilty motion he closed the book and thrust it into his pocket, grabbed his grips and hastened to the door. *The drummer had stolen my book.*

Some minutes later my white-robed host again entered the office, glanced around sharply and roared, "Who took my book?" Discovering me still buried in the big chair, he eyed me suspiciously and repeated the question. He seemed satisfied, however, when I replied in self-defense, "My mission is to circulate and not to attract those little books."

"Who else was in here?" he wanted to know.

I could not find it in my heart to betray my faithful fan, so I only replied, "There was a taxi lad came half way in and a drummer went all the way out."

Later that night I heard mine host swearing from the depths of the kitchen, "That damn tea man stole my other book." Unlike the proprietor, I bore the thief no ill-will. There was something that I seemed to admire about the man. It could not have been his morals, so I guess it must have been his taste in literature.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Pay your rent promptly and the landlord *will give you a raise.*

I WILL DRIVE NO BARGAINS WITH MY GOD

I will drive no bargains with my God,
The sun don't barter with the sod,
The plants and flowers, every one,
Make no demands upon the sun,
But rather like this soul of mine
Are grateful when it deigns to shine.

I have heard some Christian preachers say
That they were saved and only they,
I have heard some Christian choir airs
Sing they were God's and God was theirs,
Such bold presumption seemed to me
Not due respect but vanity.

I will drive no bargains with my God,
I'll soon be blended with the sod,
And patient in the sod I'll wait
To learn, my soul, your final fate.
Should outraged deity claim its due,
My soul, my soul—ah, woe to you.

HOCKEY TALKIE

Says the goalie to the center,
In a reminiscing way,
"When the frost is shining
Is the time to make the hay,
For when the sun is shining
And the play-off games are o'er,
You and me, old timer,
Aren't heroes any more."

WILL YOUR LOVE, DEAR, END IN DARKNESS?

Little girl, it now is springtime,
  There's a softness in the air—
See, the grass is growing greener
  And the skies are bright and fair.
Soon the robin and the swallow
  Will be heard at early morn—
These are signs God sends to tell us
  That another season's born.
Other springtimes have I seen
  Come and go, year after year,
But I passed them by unnoticed
  'Cause I didn't have you, dear;
'Cause I didn't know the sweetest,
  Greatest blessing from above,
'Cause my heart was cold and starving,
  'Cause I didn't have your love.
Oh, I'd never change the future
  For the dead and dreary past,
If I didn't fear the winter,
  If I knew your love would last.

Will your love, dear, end in darkness
  Like a sunny summer's day?
Will it die like summer flowers,
  Wither up and fade away?
After summer comes the winter,
  After sunshine comes the rain—
Darling, did I only win you
  For to lose you soon again?

Think not either I mistrust you
  Or would charge you with deceit—
Was there ever heart more loving?
  Was there ever maid more sweet?
But the past must teach its lessons,
  And it warns us like a friend
Not to trust much to the future,
  That all things must have an end.
History tells of other lovers,
  Happy, dear, as you and I,
But it couldn't bear the winter,
  Love is tender and must die;
Shield it carefully from the tempest,
  Lest it perish from the cold—
It is stronger when it's blooming
  But grows weaker when it's old.
Hark! I seem to hear the tempest
  Roaring, wailing round my head,
When our dream is past forever,
  When our love is lying dead.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Don't worry if your neighbors gossip about you. It is the business of the lowly and obscure to observe and talk about the great.

* * * *

Love God; obey the laws; but in all other matters resist dictation. *Think!*

"BE NOT LIKE DUMB DRIVEN CATTLE"

Elsewhere on these pages we urge readers to resist suggestion which in some cases amounts almost to dictation It is really astonishing how submissive the average person is about the matters of what they shall wear, how they shall eat, what soap they shall use—and in these matters they become abject slaves of clever advertisers who by constant repetition convince them that they are not capable of judging or choosing for themselves in the everyday necessities of life.

What milady shall wear is dictated by some mysterious agency in Paris or elsewhere, and when the hoop-skirt, hobble-skirt, or any other ridiculous creation is recommended as the "proper style", our wives, sisters or mothers crawl into it with a total disregard of its appeal, decency or common sense.

Some years ago, after the introduction of the hobble-skirt, and after the ladies had struggled along with short, mincing steps, nearly falling over themselves in the normal effort of walking, a new decree came forth introducing instead of the really modest hobble-skirt, the very short skirt, which by degrees became shorter and shorter, until this outer garment scarcely concealed milady's pretty panties. Marvelous indeed was the courage developed by the ladies in these days of the very short skirt. The wearers were laughed at, jeered at, and sneered at, but not until somebody somewhere called in the short skirt and suggested some newer style, did the females agree to conceal their legs and thighs.

In the matter of what we eat and how we eat it, we have also become slaves of suggestion. Came the day of the vitamin craze, and the advertisers told us that all we needed to sustain us was a few little pills—provided they were the right pills.

A newspaper woman named Emily Post was not much concerned about what we should eat, but decided that she should write a book about how we should eat it—and at once we became slaves to the fantastic code of etiquette. One must not tuck his napkin under his chin, where it might serve some purpose, but must lay it on his knees, out of sight under the table, where it cannot possibly come in contact with any food fragments, and where the only idea is to prove our craze for obedience to suggestion. While eating we must not rest our elbow on the table or our chin on our hand, but must sit uncomfortably erect and labor to pretend that we are at our ease while we try to puzzle out just what we are expected to do with the half-dozen different kinds of knives, forks and spoons that are lying around our plate.

The ancient Romans are credited with being the most succesful and luxurious people in history ("Rome, empress of the world"), but the Romans reclined comfortably while eating, and it is recorded that in those happy days it was mostly a matter of free and easy, go as you please, and people were not subject to the whims of somebody they never saw and did not know. These modern dictators of our every movement are really more annoying than the Hitlers and Mussolinis. We can get at the latter and lick the

stuffing out of them, but the former we cannot even locate or always identify.

So much for what we shall wear, what we shall eat, and how we shall eat it. There still remains to discuss, what we shall use. Note that even in the simple, really personal matter of washing one's face, we cannot escape this suggestion. Either at home or abroad, almost constantly some demon is shouting in one ear that we should use "SOAPSO" and another demon is shouting in the other ear that we should use "SUDSO". It is almost impossible to avoid the suggestion. They cleverly incorporate it into some song, musical number or other pleasing entertainment. They spend millions of dollars for the purpose of thus persecuting the pubic—and the fact that it is effective is proven by the fact that they are willing to pay for it. If they did not get results they would not pay—and thus we prove that people are victims of suggestion. It is also a fact that when such enormous amounts are spent in propaganda, the quality of the product suffers. This is a fact well known to the users of tobacco, for instance. One brand will be highly advertised and promoted until well introduced, then, when the public is properly hooked, the quality will be extracted and the money spent for advertising.

So, it is not true today that "if you build a better mousetrap, the people will beat a path to your door." It is only necessary to produce an ordinary product and then pour on the propaganda and suggestion and your victims will fall into your lap.

PRE-PLEBISCITE PROPAGANDA

A friendly critic reviewing the material in this book while it was still in manuscript form, remarked that it was quite wet, and asked why I devoted so much space to the liquor question. In defense of my efforts I remarked that I considered the liquor question the most difficult that humanity had encountered since the days of the Reformation and the terrible religious wars that followed. What I had observed was that it was difficult to say whether the strict prohibitionists should be called the "DRYS" or whether their more liberal rivals were entitled to that name. Certainly I had observed that in the bordering prohibition state of Maine, and in the Canadian province of Prince Edward Island, which always championed strict liquor laws, the drink habit was just as evident as in the so-called wetter sections. In Maine and the island referred to, one could not open a drawer in a hotel room but he would find it full of empty ginger, lemon extract and Nervaline bottles. In these sections, too, a moonshine still seemed to be blooming under every bush, and there were more human wrecks to be observed about the alleyways than one would find in more liberal sections where real liquor was to be had for the price. At one time when the people's wishes were to be decided by a plebiscite, the prohibitionists were styled the "drys" and those who opposed them were called the "wets" —but it was hard to understand why.

"Come, pass the moonshine, brother,"
  The victim feebly cries,
"This poison prohibition hooch
  Is awful on the eyes.
I would not trouble you, old friend,
  But I can scarcely see—
These years of prohibition
  Have made a wreck of me.
I have heard talk of a plebiscite
  At an early date to come,
And the air is heavy laden
  With talk of beer and rum;
But above the roar of battle
  One question stumps me yet—
What do they mean when they say the DRYS,
  And which do they call the WET?

"Come, pass the alky, brother,
  For old acquaintance sake,
I am growing weak and weaker—
  Ah! see the pretty snake!
Last night I dreamed I was back west
  In the land of golden beer,
And I tell your reverence frankly
  We have no such product here;
And when you call these greater evils,
  I say, madame, you lie,
You can't fool me about the west—
  I was once a travelled guy.
But now I am just a victim
  Of this prohibition curse,
And I tell you, oh, my brothers,
  No system could be worse.

"But pass the home-brew, brother,
  Or a snort of bootleg gin,
Before the ballots have been marked
  My checks will be passed in;
And my dying curse is resting
  On this here N. S. T. A.—
But for such lying hypocrites
  I'd had my health today.
We have tasted prohibition
  And its poison products too,
The nation stinks of moonshine,
  Synthetic gin and brew;
By the bucket, barrel and bottle
  It is had on every hand,
And blind pigs bloom like poison weeds
  In this unhappy land.

"But pass the alky, brother,
  This drink will be my last—
It's growing dark and darker,
  And I am sinking fast.
If we could banish bootleg booze
  Then I might wish to stay—
Oh God! what's that? right over there—
  Please take those rats away.
Wherever are they coming from?
  Well, say, now ain't that queer?
They keep a-coming, one by one,
  Right out of my own ear."
Then as this Nova Scotian
  Passed out with a sigh,
He murmured, "What do they mean, the WET?
  And which do they call the DRY"?

Songs of Siberia

I offer the rhymes of a rover,
Rhymes of the land and the sea;
Though light and absurd to the reader,
They have meant no small effort to me.
Not in luxurious study, with reference book and map,
But in Orient and in Arctic, they were written in
Nature's lap.
In the shadow of northern iceberg,
By southern river's mouth,
Neath northern lights and tropical nights,
They were written in North and in South
In the depths of eastern jungles,
On plains of alkili dust,
Near the tiger's lair, neath the haunts of the bear,
They were written in East and in West.

They are not the soul-sobbings of a Poet,
Or the prophetic views of a Seer,
Or the season's carol or cynic's snarl,
Or the love-lays to maiden dear;
But rather the rhymes of the masses,
As met with far and near;
Regardless of creeds and of classes
And conditions that often were queer.
I have ryhmes of the boys in khaki,
And ryhmes of the heroes in blue,
And of human wrecks round gondola decks
Midst the odors of mulligan stew.
I have rhymes of western harvests,
Infested with floaters and tramps,
Some of the mines and ocean lines,
And some of the lumber camps.

I have songs of city's grandeurs
And the city's sinful slums;
Of lives of ease and beggars' pleas
And the holdup games of bums;
Of drunken fathers and husbands,
Of tortured mothers and wives,
Of woman's arts and broken hearts
And the wrecks of human lives.
I have left the stench of the city
And wandered in God's pure air,
I have said it before and repeat it,
Conditions are cleanest there.
On the depths of the rolling ocean,
With my foot on some virgin sod,
Though I had not a crust in my pocket,
I have felt I was closer to God.

I offer the rhymes of a rover,
Rhymes of the land and the sea—
Oh! give me the Wild, the great simple child,
Give me the open and free;
With its soul as pure as an infant's,
Though sometimes stormy and wild,
Sometimes sighing and crying,
Again like a sleeping child;
Without ambitious self-interest,
Without man's sin and deceit—
Give me the Wild, the great simple child,
Let me rest at its feet.
There let me lay my rifle,
Now that the fight is won,
And if simple rhyme helps to pass your time,
I feel that my work is done.

THE MUD-RED VOLUNTEERS

They told us that in Europe
The Huns were running wild,
Of little children murdered
And womanhood defiled;
That it was a real man's duty
To be active in the fray—
"Before it is too late!" they cried,
"Oh, men, enlist today!"
But we eyed our old job fondly
As we slowly sipped our beer,
It was hell we knew in Europe,
It was pretty soft right here.
Could we give up thirty bucks a week
And march off to the front,
Perhaps to die amidst the Huns
For thirty bucks a month?
Ah! 'twas then we saw our duty,
Like the noble things we were,
Soon on our way to Aldershot,
All singing "Over There."
Oh! Aldershot, white-tented,
Cold, wet and beastly grim,
Where my courage was first dented
When someone screamed, "Fall in!"
Where I first met sergeant-majors,
Heard their wild Apache yell—
Midst the "Fall in! Fall out! Double
quick!"
We have seen a bit of hell;
Reveille's at six a. m., the sergeant-
major's cue,

And then he starts in plenty
To tell you what to do.
Clean up, shine up—they drive you on
Like any bloody slave—
P. T., fall in, fall out again,
Nine seconds left to shave;
And you can't do this, you can't do that,
It's all against the rule;
We wanted to be heroes,
Not little kids at school;
We must keep away from Woman,
Shes a real live pizen snake—
Believe me, boys, I'm thinking
Our M. O.* is a fake;
Did you get those hygiene stories
And the pictures on the wall?
Say, I know a guy who knew a girl,
And he never died at all.
So our *esprit de corps* is waning,
All our pluck and interest too,
The only thing we see to fight
Is mud and Spanish "flu";
And we often dreaming wonder
Will the quarantine always last?
As we work like slaves at present,
Thinking sadly of the past.
They are taking us to Russia
As soldiers of the King,
And if we see a Bolshevist,
We will shout, "You horrid thing!"

**M. O.—Medical Officer.*

Or perhaps we will "shun" a dozen
times
And double up our fist,
Then all "form fours" our very best.
And slap him on the wrist.

CONSCRIPT BROWN

OR THE RETURNED MAN'S STORY

There is a commandment of God, "Thou shalt not kill," and we are not at all convinced that war is an excuse for breaking it. No, we are not convinced that because the powers or the profiteers declare war, we should place a rifle on our shoulder, march off to Timbuctoo and pump lead into some native who is as innocent as ourselves.

We can find nothing in the Saviour's teachings to justify bloodshed. Indeed, on the very eve of the great tragedy, he rebuked Peter for an attack on the servant of the high priest, notwithstanding the fact that the attack was made in his own defense. Yet during the late war conscientious objectors were called cowards simply because they hesitated to slaughter certain individuals who had never injured them in any way.

* * * *

Perhaps you have heard me speak of Brown, who
died at Stanislau,
In twenty years of service, there's the queerest case
I saw,
And I have seen all kinds of soldiers, in barracks,
tent and field,

The whitest men who ever fought, the yellowest who squealed.
'Twas back in 1917 I first laid eyes on Brown,
The M. S. A. was active and the police had run him down;
I am one who claims when that law passed, somebody "pulled a bone"—
Such pale-faced, sickly kids as Brown should all be left at home.
Our company was made up most of men who done their bit,
And in a crowd like ours, a slacker didn't fit;
So no matter where we met him, round the canteen or in town,
The best he ever got from us was, "There goes Conscript Brown."
And we would ride him for his shallowness, his lack of nerve and pluck,
We never called him 'Bud' or 'Pal'—'twas Conscript Brown that stuck;
But he took it half good-natured, though 'twas hardly meant that way,
Seemed a homesick, dreamy devil, with never much to say;
Till it struck me kind of sudden that a boy who could stand pat
Midst the sneers and jeers of hundreds, had a sort of nerve at that;
And I grew to like the beggar—used to often take his part—
Let them hit a kid who like it—I never had the heart.
So Brown and I grew chummy; Lord, he taught me half I know,

When it came to education—say, he'd make a monk
look slow;
But he never made a soldier, though well-behaved
and willing,
I saw the way he moved around he was not meant
for drilling;
At the miniature and in the butts he failed to qualify,
And as for bayonet fighting he couldn't harm a fly.
I have worked with him for hours, using all my time
and skill—
That same night I heard him praying, something
about "Thou shalt not kill."
And I often told him stories of hard knocks I took
and gave,
Tried my best to stir him up, but he never thought
me brave.
I remember one, a story of a fight we had in France,
Where I stabbed a half-starved Austrian who didn't
have a chance;
His comment on that amazed me, thought my yarns
had turned his head,
With an air like any parson, "That was murder, Bill"
he said.
And I could not argue him under, though I tried it
there and then,
With nature's law and self-defence and all the laws
of men.
The laws of men, he told me, with a kind of saintly
nod,
should always be subjected to the higher laws of God.
He had some queer religion, that's why he couldn't
fight,

He wouldn't kill for any cause, he didn't think it
right—
Was full of Bible stories, said God taught us to be
meek,
And if a fellow slapped my face, to turn the other
cheek.
Well, I had heard some stories, but that one took the
pot,
And I thought of Africa and France and all the fights
I fought;
Then my thoughts flew back to childhood, a kid on
mother's knee—
Oh, far back in my mind it seemed she told those
tales to me;
And later when in Sunday School the Bible class was
taught,
I only half believed them, but they made me think
a lot.
And I wondered really why men fought, the strong
against the weak,
I knew there would never be a war if all men turned
their cheek,
I thought of Liege and and Rheims and Mons, whole
cities torn down;
These things would never happen, were all men like
Conscript Brown.
But fighting was my business, such thoughts were not
for me,
I fought for rights, avenging wrongs, that all men
might be free—
Or was it just an idle dream, this world's democracy?
In Northern Siberia, the town of Stanislau,

Humble little village, made most of mud and straw;
Where exiled politicians used to plot and scheme,
Now where hordes of bandits and cooties reign
supreme;
Where people live in terror, and wolves howl through
the night;
'Twas in this town of Stanislau I saw my damnedest
fight.
Scouting for the C. E. F., along with twenty more,
Our forces were in strength to south, but we were
sent before.
Mob armies occupied the town, upon destruction
bent,
Our business in the section was to ascertain their
strength.
Creeping on our bellies over frozen snow,
By the light of their campfires, I won't say all I saw,
But I saw a child half naked, midst the howling,
drunken crowd,
I saw her lashed to make her dance, I heard her
scream aloud;
A girl of wondrous beauty, soft form and tender
years,
Her eyes were wild, beseeching, her face was lined
with tears.
A girl abused by hundreds would make a heathen
sore;
I saw that we were helpless—and then I saw some
more—
A man leaped up beside me, I sprang to pull him
down,
I saw his features clearly, the man was Conscript
Brown.

I saw him pass their sentries, I saw him gain the town,
I saw the mob surround him, I saw him beaten down;
Then we left the ground together, with a kind of cursing sob,
Twenty howling demons, a shame to any mob.
My mind was kind of hazy, don't remember half the fight,
It seemed to me a dozen times I lived and died that night;
I was stabbed and clubbed and shot through, sometimes up and sometimes down,
I shot and stabbed at all I saw in that cursed town.
Once, lying in a pool of blood, I fancied I was dead,
Yet when a Bolshevist went by, I shot him in the head.
Then at last I heard a bugle. Was it fever? or I dreamed?
Like someone blowing cook-house, far, far away it seemed:
And I thought I rode the "bumpers" on a frieght train way back west—
'Twas the M. O. who was probing for a bullet in my breast.
When I saw that good old khaki—say, it brought me back to life,
I felt like one who rested after years and years of strife.
The town was now in Christian hands, and seemed to know it too,
Peasants smiled upon us, and I heard a rooster crow.

Our losses were not heavy, except the scouts who fought ahead,
And I had been with them had the mob not thought me dead.
We gathered up their bodies from different parts of town—
Right where the fighting started I picked up Conscript Brown;
Clinging to him closely was the little form, half dressed,
Terror frozen on her face, a dagger in her breast.
That's why I say, don't back the man who is thirsting for the fray,
Sometimes the heroes are the ones who have the least to say;
I have seen it proved a dozen times—I proved it in that town
Where veterans were led into hell by little Conscript Brown.
He is lying in Lake Ivan—'twas I who chopped his grave,
And I carved out with my bayonet the words, "He died to save."
Now when the sun—when sun there is—far off to west goes down,
Its last rays kind of linger on a cross marked "Conscript Brown."

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Take it from one who has never died—there is no such thing as death's agony.

BOUILLON A LA S. S. PROTESLAUS

A certain steamship company operating in the Pacific, secured a contract from the government to transport the Siberian Expeditionary Forces from Vancouver to Vladivostock in Russia. This contract included the rationing of the troops en route. War profiteers, like so many others, they half-starved the soldiers for the duration of the voyage—a thin soup or stew being the chief diet for twenty-six days. It is a fact that there was an investigation after the troops disembarked, and we understand that the contract price was considerably reduced. The name of the ship was the *S. S. Proteslaus.*

* * * *

I have seen some stormy weather in thirty years of my
life—
I beat it away to the Army after a row with my wife;
I have had my day in the breadlines, worked the
soup-kitchens too,
And many a night in the jungles I've enjoyed a
mulligan stew.
I was never stuck or discouraged as long as I stayed
on land—
There is always someone to feed you, someone to
give you a hand—
But a man with my roving spirit, the sea is a place
I don't fit;
I am sick of this old stew-kitchen, but it's one that
I can't quit.
Sick of the old *Proteslaus* and [illegible] old-faced Chinese
crew,

Who, morning, noon and evening, feed us cans and
cans of stew—
Stew for breakfast and dinner, again at supper time
stew—
A couple of quarts of the ocean, with maybe a carrot
or two.
Remember the night of the storm? You know how it
blew—
It seemed to me all through that night I dreamed and
dreamed of stew.
An overloaded stomach, or maybe it was fear,
My hammock tossing wildly, my head was feeling
queer;
The boat was tipping madly, the breakers fairly
screamed;
I have no idea what time it was, I fell asleep and
dreamed
That the old *Proteslaus* dumped us out, along with
all her crew,
And we struggled vainly, vainly, in an ocean made of
stew.
I was clinging to a carrot as I wildly breathed a
prayer,
And I fought the others madly—'twas the only carrot
there;
Then the whole battalion rushed me, my chance was
gone I knew—
The regiment all perished in an ocean made of stew.

Then it seemed I landed. Landed? I hate to tell you
where.
There were no harps a-playing, there were no angels
there;

A fellow with a tail and horns was busily at work,
He stirred a pot of something with a great big iron fork;
No need to ask him questions, by the very smell I knew
The devil had been making an old Proteslaus stew.
Two quarts of the Pacific was the recipe he read,
A little common flour, a carrot and a spud.
I was urged to stay for dinner, but with a frantic yell,
I dumped that kettle over and kicked out one side of hell;
But I woke up in my hammock, all my fears had passed away—
"We have stew again for breakfast," I heard a fellow say.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Let those with too advanced political ideas remember that the mob is an insane thing to be feared and usually chooses most of its victims from amongst its own——Roland, Danton, Marat, Robespierre.

* * * *

Says the false Scot, Robert Burns: *"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."* But what should he have said? Man's inhumanity to man is usually the victim's own fault. The victim could have at worst died bravely resisting, as thousands of others have.

THE FIGHT AT BLAMVOOSK RIVER

Hard by the Blamvoosk River, our lines were pitched that night,
The glass read ninety-nine below, the snow was spotless white;
Two nights had passed since our C. O. detached "A" Company
To watch the operations of General Ivanski.
No better than a bandit was this man Ivanski,
He'd wrecked our quartermaster's stores and pinched our jam and tea.
We left the base at Ormstromvitch, in sections, silently—
"Locate this man," the C. O. said, "and then report to me."
By day and night we marched along, with scouts on either flank,
As far as Blamvoosk River, then camped upon the bank.
The night was dark as *Kid McCoy, the snow hung like a screen,
Our sentries and our outposts swear they could not see a thing—
Until a volley split the snow, and a scout came flying wild—
"The Bolsheviks with Ivanski! Turn out, turn out!" he cried.
We never acted better—man, it was good to see
How eagerly we took our place, and yet how orderly:
"A" had a score to settle with General Ivanski.

Kid McCoy—popular little colored boy in "A" Co.

But Ivanski had joined his force, we didn't know it then,
With that of General Paul Obek and twenty thousand men.
Obek was the best soldier that Russia ever knew,
He checked the Japs at Ingovar, he beat the English too;
Though weary of the Romanoffs, he joined the Bolshevik—
In all Siberia was not a man like Paul Obek.
So "A" was up against it, odds more than ten to one,
Unless we were supported, "A" Company was done.
And the Major's face was troubled, and the Major bowed his head,
"It's one chance in a hundred. Have I a scout?" He said.
Then up sprang good old Melville, always first when called,
"There's going to be trouble here. I'll go, Major Bauld."
"Then dash off, daring †Melville, keep to the Omsk wood
As far as the Larinski Plains, where Petrovitch once stood;
Then by the Lakes Maroski, keep to the lowest land;
And push right on to Ormstromvitch, our base, you understand;
Ignore outposts and sentries, but have the C. O. called,

†Melville — "A" Company recruit, of an apparently stupid, lazy, indifferent disposition; characteristics, however, which were probably assumed.

Just say, "A courier from "A", respects from Major Bauld;
We are engaged by Ivanski upon the Blamvoosk bank,
Supporting him is Paul Obek, an officer of rank.
Here, take my horse, good Melville, while we sustain the fight—
The man who rides to Ormstromvitch will win his stripes tonight."
Then daring Melville dashed away, the pride of "four platoon",
And with him rode the hopes of "A"— help could not come too soon.
We knew from our sentries, as that black night grew apace,
The enemy had circled round to cut us from our base.
With our backs to that wild river, Ivanski on our right hand,
And twenty thousand more to left, that was Obek's command.
All through the night we stood at arms, excitement kept us warm.
Although we felt the Bolshevists would not attack till morn.
And we had great faith in Melville, the 260th at our back,
Four companies together, we feared no man's attack.
When just at dawn a cry arose and flew from mouth to mouth,
That gallant Melville had returned and brought help from the south:
But Melville looked bewildered, and the color left our face

When Melville said to Major Bauld, "I forgot the
name of that darn place."
In my heart I never blamed him—"Ormstromvitch"
was hard to say—
But you should have seen the Major—gods! I
thought he'd pass away;
Then he said to Sergt. Ivy, "'Twas a complicated trip,
These Russian names were never meant for any
English lip."
But the dawn was now upon us, and with it came the
foe,
Ivanski's first effort was to cut our line in two.
He little knew our centre held the dashing Fourth
Platoon,
He had a better chance that day to penetrate the
moon;
For our bombers' work was steady and our bayonet
play was fine,
Three companies rushed at us, but never bent our
line.
These were replaced by others who flew to the attack,
Four companies of Cossacks, but less than one went
back.
Now all the time on our left, Obek's men stood back,
We could not understand the man; why did he not
attack?
We knew it was no cowardice made him stand his
men "at ease"—
A braver man than Paul Obek never ate army cheese.
He was thrilled with admiration by our daring work
that day.
He saw Ivanski's line advance and again be swept
away;

Till he got word from Ivanski, "For God's sake, man, attack!
My whole two regiments have failed to beat these wildcats back."
"Say to Ivanski, 'Fight or flee'—he gets no help from me;
I'll not send twenty thousand men 'gainst one brave company."
Oh, had I power to tell you of the fight we made that day,
How ere nightfall Ivanski died, and his men had fled away;
And then we got "Left turn! On guard!"—we shouted eagerly,
"Bring on your thousands, Paul Obek, here stands 'A' Company!"
Obek smiled and saluted us for the daring stand we made,
But he said he would feel honored to meet the whol brigade;
His respects to our commander, before he marched away,
Perhaps we would meet when better matched, upon another day.
Then Sergeant Ivy shouted, "Three cheers for Paul Obek!"
And we said, "Farewell, Paul, old kid, you're a damn white Bolshevik."
We made a name for "A" that day, for each man did his best,
But the Major said that Four Platoon fought better than the rest.

JONESEY

The reader may recall that early in the war there was a lot of comment and comparison in the papers about the quality of the Germans as fighters. Curious on this point after I enlisted, I decided to get some first-hand information. In camp at Aldershot I was quite friendly with a youngster we called Jonesey. He had gone overseas when only sixteen, being through a couple of engagements and wounded at Vimy Ridge. He was now attached to our Company, probably awaiting discharge. Like most returned men Jonesey was quite modest and not much inclined to talk. However, I undertook to pump him. The Germans are not very good fighters, are they, Jonesey? I asked. Oh, dunno, he replied, good 'nough. Well, they are not as good as the Canadians or Highlanders, are they? Oh, guess so—'bout the same, he answered. Well, I insisted, I never fought them, but it said right in the papers, and I have heard other returned men say, they are good enough at long range artillery work, but in hand-to-hand fighting, when they see a cold bayonet right at their stomach, I tell you, Jonesey, they don't like it. Well, who the hell does? was Jonesey's reply.

ENCOURAGING

Christian missionaries report great progress being made by them in India and China. This is most encouraging, and it may even be that when they get the heathens thoroughly Christianized we can depend on them to start a world war, supported by submarines, poison gas, and all modern Christian improvements.

ONE NIGHT ON KOPEK HILL

We were "doing Vladivostock"—you know how fellows will—
And wandering idly round, we came to Kopek Hill,
The so-called sporting section, with red lights like coals of fire,
The sneaking signals that say, "There's bodies here to hire."
And the price is just five roubles—that's, well, four bits at most,
It's the worst of one cheap city, of the East, the Barbary Coast.
You see Russian women, Japs and Chinks, as you pass from door to door,
And they are yours for just five roubles—a mule would cost you more.
'Twas evening, and the many dens had just begun to fill,
There's been some shady work pulled off on this same Kopek Hill.
I had a pal along with me, name of Tommy Clare,
Had picked him up at Aldershot, and we were pals for fair;
He'd stake me to his last kopek, and done it time on time,
Whate'er I had belonged to him, and what he had was mine.
'Twas no sentimental friendship, we just seemed to agree;
We were meant to stick together, were Tommy Clare and me.

We had fought and bled together, froze and starved
and fought and bled,
But I play a sort of lonely hand now that my pal is
dead.
And often nights after "lights out" when everything
is still,
I damn the dog that got him that night on Kopek
Hill.
I am never likely to forget the things that happened
there,
Or the devil's fight we had, myself and Tommy
Clare.
We had eased into a Jap joint where things looked
kind of bright,
It was about the fifteenth place we had been in that
night;
Little Oriental female seemed stuck on my pal Tom.
She was a pretty little thing and played her hand up
strong;
Her name was Yeta something, and she danced round
right gay,
Clinging to my partner's neck—he couldn't get away.
We ain't no saints, us soldiers, and Tommy fell for
fair,
But say what you like about us, we play these women
square.
I am chinning to a little Jap, seemed sad but nice
enough,
And I threw her all the Jap I knew, trying to learn
the stuff;
But I am watching a musician—played a kind of man-
dolin—

He was a Turk or something, with the meanest mug
I've seen;
Sort of pimp for this girl Yeta, and he was mad for
fair,
And his snakey eyes were darting at my pal, Tommy
Clare,
Til the dirty blood within him could not stand any
more—
He threw his mandolin aside, and dashed across the
floor,
Then he sprang at little Yeta and grabbed her by the
wrist,
Dragged her nearly upright, and struck her with his
fist,
Then he drew a crazy looking knife and screamed,
"I kill! I kill!"
Twas then a little hell broke loose, that night on
Kopek Hill.
With a spring like some mad tiger Tommy left his
chair,
But half of Asia sprang up too, from, well, from God
knows where;
And every man among them was lunging with a
knife,
We were swinging chairs around us, fighting for our
life;
Then two men joined our forces, sort of condensed
the jam—
I saw they wore the uniform of good old Uncle Sam;
And I cheered the Western spirit that will stand and
fight to show—
We don't hit kids or women, whether high or low.
But this little devil Yeta didn't even stir,

Just sat and grinned delightedly to see men fight for her.
Then I glanced at Tommy, saw him turn half about.
He dropped his guard a moment to get his side-arms out;
This sneaking pimp who had held back, now flew to the attack,
He sprang at my pal Tommy and stabbed him in the back;
And with a sad, disgusted grin, Clare sank to the floor
Just as I saw the G. M. P.'s come bursting through the door.
Then I sat down beside him, had no more heart to fight,
Suppose I acted yellow, but I lost a pal that night.
The blood was dripping from his side, he'd got it 'neath the heart,
And I saw his eyes were glassy, and at last we had to part:
And yet he seemed to know me, though he was so pale and weak,
Spitting blood and coughing, and he tried so hard to speak:
"I never thought, old pal," he gasped, then he sighed and was still,
"When I put on this uniform, I'd die on Kopek Hill.
Got by a dirty heathen, in a den of vice and sin,"
And gasping, "God forgive us," Tommy Clare passed in.
Then I got up idly and kind of looked about—
The place was half in darkness, the police had cleaned her out;
The scum had run like rabbits at the very first alarm.

I saw one of the Yankees had a knife wound in the arm;
And the police were asking questions with that all-important air,
But I hardly listened to them—I didn't seem to care.
They took my old pal's body and moved it away somewhere,
Before I seemed to realize what was doing there.
But all that night I wandered over Kopek Hill,
Looking for that sneaking pimp—I am looking for him still—
For a musician fellow, plays a kind of mandolin,
He is a Turk or something, with the meanest mug I've seen.

VODKA

I used to hit the high spots some, back in the good old west.
I have tried all kinds of spirits from the cheapest to the best,
It's nothing to be proud of, I never thought it smart,
Unless to carry round a load is something of an art.
I never liked the lighter stuff, beer and wine was tame,
But I've drunk Scotch and Irish 'til I didn't know my name;
For gin and rum and brandy I was a common fish,
I have a taste for alky splits and ginger's just my dish.
One time in a "tank town" I couldn't find a bar,
But I mixed up a highball of wood-alcohol and tar.

The stuff has been my ruin, it's wrecked my very life.
To think of hopes and chances lost just stabs me like a knife.
It put me in the jungles, on many a dizzy cruise—
I beat it to Siberia to get away from booze.
I thought in that great wilderness, I'd have no more to fear,
But it must have seen me coming, because the stuff is here.
When I saw this Russian vodka I threw up both my hands—
Like other high explosives they keep it here in cans;
Is it strange then, with my failings, when I had a bit of cash,
That I and Mr. Vodka would have an awful clash?
The Bolsheviks were quiet, there were no fights to win or lose,
But I had to have some action—says I, "I'll fight this booze."
Well, I hit the stuff for most a week and still was going strong,
Getting away with two cans a day, 'til my roubles all were gone.
But I'd been often broke before, I only thought it funny;
I saw that Vodka's first play was to get away my money.
I could easily borrow from my friends—I still had two or three,
But I couldn't see that the enemy was making a bum of me.
So the battle raged on wildly, but still I held my feet,

Drinking away day after day, 'til I found that I
couldn't eat.
At times I slept, whether day or night, it never
mattered to me,
It seemed the stuff was getting my eyes, at times I
couldn't see.
So for days in a kind of trance I wandered round the
town;
Nothing worthwhile but to drink, to drink—Mr. Vodka had me down.
I would wake in some mean little kitchen, then I'd
drink some more—
Look at my hands and find them cut, and my face all
bruised and sore.
In the vodka dens you don't have to stand—they spill
it in you as you sit—
It's considered bad taste in Asia to tell a man when
to quit.
In the west, when you're drunk, they invite you to
stop, or toss you out by your neck,
But they sit with you in this vodka game right down
to your last kopek—
And you must have drink, every nerve cries out, 'til
you drink all the more,
And you make the rounds of the dens again, until
you're as bad as before—
Until you totter from weakness, in search of a drink,
a drink,
And if you escape the bughouse you finally land in
the clink.
There you rave around like a thing accursed, afraid,
so afraid to sleep;
The devil says, "End it all! End it all!" but the man

says that would be cheap.
'Til exhausted at last you can stand no more and you fall in a faint or a fit,
And at times you wake and swear again if you live through this you'll quit.
So you go through a couple of years of hell all in a single night,
A can of vodka dances and grins and says "Do I win the fight?"
So whether you live or whether you die, there's trouble inside that can;
I've drunk some booze, but she beats me, boys, and will beat any other man;
But I don't mean to preach—go as far as you like—every man has free will,
So just go take that vodka trip, if you want a glimpse of hell.

LEASED WATERS

It was a sad sight to see a soldier, late of the 26th Battalion, who wanted to fish trout, ordered off the stream in his native province by a foreigner. Surely it is a cheap, money-mad Government that leases or sells the very fish in the streams for a few pennies or dollars. Here was a boy who fought for his country against foreigners, and now finds foreigners in possession of the public waters. He risked his life for his native land, yet it is sold or leased from under his very feet, making it possible for strangers from a strange land to chase him away from his boyhood haunts. We refer to the waters of the upper Miramichi in New Brunswick, which we understand are leased to a lot of wealthy American sportsmen.

SERGEANT GRAY

The following rhyme was written with prophetic son early in 1917. We do not claim that the con- tion is general, but we do say that it is not uncom- n. It is an open question among returned men day whether to wear the button is an advantage or herwise. Our own attitude is undecided, but we tainly have heard returned men say that displaying button handicaps them socially and in a business . An old lady told me that she would not have urned men around her house, as anybody who was l of cooties for four years was likely to have an odd still about his person. Perhaps there is some ex- se for this idea, but is it not a sad condition to find t returned men are hiding their buttons as if they ashamed of them?

* * * *

It was a western town—but no matter—'twas not the fault of the town—
Time was—well, no matter—'twas after the sun went down;
It was after the war was over, and in a crowded saloon,
Crowds that were feasting and drinking, the orchestra playing a tune.
But there was one in the party who did not seem to belong,
His gaze was shifty and timid, like one who had got in wrong;
One wasted arm hung over a crutch, one eye had a look of despair;

The other arm off at the elbow—the other eye wasn't there.
He staggered up to the counter, with features faded and gaunt,
The boss looked up with disfavor and growled, "What d'ya want?"
"If you'd spare a coin for some food, sir, I am weary of travelling too,
I am something of a cripple, you see, and it's hard to get work to do;
Before the war it was different—before I was hit by the bomb—
I have been some time in France, sir, and lost my arm at the Somme."

"We don't lend money," the boss replied, "more like you want it for rum—
That story is old as hell—we get it from every bum.
Last night 'twas a drunken brakeman, careless with his fool neck,
Couldn't let the booze alone and got mixed up in a wreck.
I don't want to see your button—beat it and stow your gaff!"
I saw him wave the man away, I heard the gay crowd laugh:
Thus encouraged, the boss went on, with a kind of injured glance:
"As if I could afford to pay the board of every cripple from France."
And his prosperous patrons agreed with him—said something should be done—

That since the war these bums were a bore, a menace
to everyone.
Then I saw the cripple clutch his crutch and tap his
way to the door,
And it struck me then, but I couldn't say when I'd
seen the man before.
He seemed to be sort of shy of me, afraid he wouldn't
be heard,
But I'd bet my pay 'twas Sergt. Gray, who crossed
with the 93rd.
I had last seen Gray one summer day, one early morn
in June,
And remembered then how these very men had
cheered for his platoon.
One of the first when the war-cloud burst, when the
call to arms was heard,
He forgot his all at the nation's call, and joined the
93rd.
There were others too, and not a few—men who
risked their all,
Left home and friends, threw careers to the winds, to
answer the country's call.
These volunteers gained the country's cheers, their
names were on every tongue,
When they sailed away that summer's day, the heroes
of old and young;
And I wondered why, if to do or die he bravely
marched away,
His standard fell, when shot to hell, he stood in the
town today.
And the very men who were shy of a gun, and ducked
at the great showdown,

And riches sought, while others fought for their
country, home and town.
Were the men today of the party gay, who laughed
and failed to heed
When the hero bright of another night wanted a
stake for a feed.
It's not every cheer that is all sincere, but a means
to a selfish end,
And the vulgar crowd with acclaims aloud is not
always your friend.
If you do the work that others shirk, if you play the
willing goat,
They tolerate and declare you great, while the medals
shine on your coat.
As long as you live and have something to give—your
comfort, your wealth or your time,
You'll find these friends with selfish ends to trim you
down to a dime;
But lose your wealth, or lose your health, or show
any signs of wear,
Get knocked about, or down and out, and the cheers
are no longer there.
In this world of sin you've got to win, and you can't
get by on a past;
While you're fit for strife, for war to the knife, so long
will your glory last.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Deny it if we will, but life's race is a hard one and our first sensation is one of relief when we observe some competitor falling behind.

COOTIES

We have seen some times together, boys, and perhaps we'll see some more.
In this old world you never know what fate may have in store:
Best rookie days in training, days when we sighed for home,
And "Squad, right turn by numbers" had us dizzy in the dome:
Then we grinned at Sussex farmers, and we kissed their daughters too—
I left a queen back there myself who swore that she'd be true:
When I climbed aboard that special, boy, but I was feeling blue,
For I soon forgot my troubles in the fight with Spanish "flu".
Then the dear old muddy Willows and the pesky quarantine,
All day we worked like blazes and at night just sit and dream.
I like the quiet stuff myself, don't care to run about,
But I heard you other fellows had a way of getting out.
Then the three weeks on the ocean, and the queer old boat and crew
I'll not forget those hammocks or that awful, awful stew.
Tonight my heart is heavy, I am up against it bad,
It's not of home I'm thinking, it's not the trip we had,
And it's not the Bolsheviki, or it's not my daily duties—

It's the daring and persistence of the Russian brand
of cooties.
We had been at Two Rivers about two days or three.
When I felt as if some British tanks were crawling
over me.
Says I, "It's this new clothing, these army rigs are
pests."
Poor boob, I little knew that I was entertaining
guests.
'Til one night it struck me sudden—ye gawds! it
cannot be,
But come what will, I'll know the worst, I'll see,
I says, I'll see.
Then I tore my shirt front open, my manly breast was
free,
And there were three big cooties, grinning up at me.
No, 'twas not the first I'd seen, I have been bit before.
I have fought and won hard battles, but I didn't want
no more;
And I will say this for Russia, though they wipe her
off the map,
Though the Bolsheviki clean her up—her cooties sure
can scrap!
In the bathroom at Two Rivers was a little two-quart
tub,
And I know a deadly poison we call "corrosive sub".
I put the poison in the tub, got a bath and
underwear—
Remember now that was the day we started over here.
And I felt so glad and carefree to think I shook that
load,
I amost done a double all the way along the road.

So I was kind of tired when I made this Gornisti Bay.
And this is sure some burg at that, I want to pause
to say—
But I picked out a bunk somewhere, and spread my
new fur coat—
For one great town to sleep in, this one has my vote
For the first night in a month or more I could feel
nothing creep,
And with a sigh of gratitude I soon was fast asleep.
But at dead of night I wakened, was almost stricken
dumb—
Sitting up in bed beside me was a great big two-inch
Crumb.
And he says, "Boy, don't you know me? Could you
forget so soon?
Remember Second River and the good old fourth
platoon?
I was not drowned or poisoned in that tub that we
were in—
How could I, when the water was just up to my chin?
When I saw you fellows march away, I thought that
I was stuck,
But I crawled inside a blanket in that big motor
truck.
Say, kid, it's great here, ain't it? I think we'll like it
fine—
Tell you what I'm going to do tomorrow when I have
the time.
I'm sending for the fellows and put them all in right.
And when they hear of Gornisti Bay, they'll be down
tomorrow night."

THE TALE OF TOM THE CAT

OR THE JEWELS OF NICK THE CZAR

I ain't got many chevrons and none of them are red,
And you never heard me mentioned for any attack I led;
I have no Lance or Sergeant's stripes like the non-commissiond men,
But I wore stripes—and more than three—before the war began.
And I won them fairly, there's no denying that—
"Stick-up man"[1] from Jersey, cops call me "Tom the Cat."
And I ain't bringing home no medals, as some other fellows are,
But I nearly brought home the jewels of poor old Nick the Czar.
Oh, have your laugh out, Sergeant, you think I'm coming it strong,
I know it's some wild story, and you'll say I'm laying it on;
But some queer things have happened in these last years of the war,
And I tell ya I seen the jewels of the poor old Russian Czar.
Things was somewhat mixed a bit in that there Russian land,
And I seen the Rajah's Ruby and held it right in my hand.
I've lifted some pretty jewels, but never such a spark,
'Twas the only stone I ever saw would throw a light in the dark.

Were others near as precious, worth millions of
doubles in all;
Yes, and I'd a had 'em but for a lying Red named
Paul.
Oh, I didn't join your army for no patriotic play—
Cops were pressing me east and west and I 'listed to
get away.
See, I'm doing a stretch in [2]Danamore the time the
war began,
But I beat it away to Canada, me and a trusty man.
Trusty was a [3]"Coakey" and believed me ready
enough
When I told him I'd cached away a lard pail full of
the stuff.
Morphine, cocaine and heroin, yes, and the brown
stuff too,
Took in a raid on a chemical joint and hid in a place
I knew.
Queer guys, these here dope fiends, some ways
decent enough,
But they'd cut your throat for a dozen grains—they'd
sell their souls for the stuff.
So I promised I'd slip him this bucket of dreams, if
he'd help me out with a plan;
And that very night we pulled it, me and the trusty
man.
He manages most of the get-away—rope hitch on the
northern wall—
Pinches the front of two lumberjacks and beats it for
Montreal.
This Canada place is war-mad and we see it's a
popular play,

So the dope and me enlisted, just to make our get-away.
No one asked about your past as long as you served their end,
As long as you wore that uniform the devil himself was their friend.
Ah, but the army breaks a man, and before the draft set sail,
And many a night in Russia I wished I was back in jail.
I couldn't see the discipline, I couldn't see the pay—
Cashing away my blooming life for a dollar ten a day.
Had no love for a country that had no love for me;
Why I should "fade the Kaiser's dice" was something I couldn't see.
"Fight for your country" don't mean me—I dont own a foot of soil—
The CPR owns Canada most, in the States it's the Standard Oil.
No, there's not a spot in that western land where I might camp for a day;
I never got fairly settled but the police would chase me away.
No, I ain't no patriot, mate, you got me right,
When it comes to saving something, let them that own it fight.
But they wave the flags and beat the drums and make a fool of a man—
I never heard that I owned any land 'til after the war began.
That's the stuff they hand you, and after the war is through,

You can bum around from place to place, looking for work to do.
Oh, about them jewels—well, I'm coming to that.
When it comes to smelling plunder, leave it to Tom the Cat.
Was nothing in our outfit but short rations, parades and hard knocks.
Nothing in way of plunder but lousey blankets and socks:
As I wasn't looking for medals, as I wasn't looking for fame,
In the very first brush with the enemy I pulls the [5]"kamerad" game.
A Cossack comes riding for me, but I'm not planning to die,
So I sticks the both of my mitts in the air and [6]"Dobrow Lenin!" yells I.
So he leads me away behind his lines, but I wasn't scared of his bunch:
I'd find some friends in that outfit—see, I was playing a hunch.
And who d'ya think was general with some queer Russian name?
A Red I knew in Pittsburgh—police called him "Mike the Flame."
Here in the Soviet army were many that I knew—
Chicago Black Alexis and East Side Ivan too.
It made me laugh to see the staff—say, it would knock you dead
To see a colonel's uniform on Vodka Paul the Red.
Talk about promotion! I was in right here;
After the seventh round of drinks they made me a brigadier.

This was my style of army, where you do pretty much as you like;
And we made a bit of a night of it, me and General Mike.
'Til he ups and tells me the story of the end of the Czar's regime,
And many a tale of bloodshed that he himself had seen;
And of many palaces plundered and treasure hidden near,
To be carried out of the country whenever the coast was clear.
So he offers me there a one-tenth share and Ivan and Paul for my mates,
To carry this load of treasure to a certain point in the States.
Was to pay for propaganda to further the Russian cause,
And get the whole world working to the tune of Soviet laws.
Here was a task for my talents, a play for a man-sized haul—
This Ivan was one smooth worker but I never fancied Paul.
Saw his curves on the Barbary Coast—cheap pimp sell you his wife—
He squealed on the Red Angels, got Frisco Fanny life.
So seeing the stake was heavy, I swore if I touched it at all,
I'd keep one of my eyes on the treasure and both of my eyes on Paul.

"Chi" they call me Long Chance Tom, and here
I had nothing to lose
Besides, in company like this, there isn't much to
choose.
So we started away that very night, Paul, Ivan, and
Mike the Flame,
For a joint they called the Kiosk or some such
heathen name.
I had the story from Mike himself, 'twas here he had
buried the hoard,
Cut the throats of a couple of Chinks and set their
ghosts on guard.
And now any night that the moon was right the
treasure might be sought,
When a shadow from Mount St. Peter would mark
the very spot.
So we galloped away to Mike's cache, we four and a
coolie guide,
It was a starry night and the moon was right, we'd
a dozen miles to ride;
Through a timber brake, crossed a frozen lake, then
over a mountain we came
Right to the door of this Kiosk joint, the cache of
Mike the Flame.
Gained an old deserted monastery with Burying
ground in the rear,
Mike whispered the Czar and his family had all been
buried here;
And the evil monk Rasputin. Counts Boris, Sergius
and Paul
Lay were lying together, close to the graveyard wall.
And thus the mighty Romanoffs had reached the
common goal,

They and their glory and jewels were lying hid in
a hole.
Close beside the heathens, buried to haunt the
ground,
May the Lord have mercy on them alike, when the
judgment day comes round.
And now to work set Mike the Flame to stake off the
hidden hoard,
Watching the moon, and pretty soon he struck the
ground with his sword.
"The spot!" yells he, turning round to me, his breath
was coming fast;
"The moon is the same as when last I came, and the
shade Mount Peter cast.
Clear off the snow, get down below, build fires and
thaw the mud:
Here lies the Rajah's Ruby, the famous clot of blood.
Never was such a jewel formed in the vulgar earth—
Men say it fell from the heavens the night of the
Saviour's birth.
'Twas its light that guided the Eastern Kings to the
crib where the Infant lay.
Then it fell into Lake Adolphus on that first Christmas Day.
Found by the Rajah's servant, so the traditions say,
Kept 'til the second century, but later stolen away;
Reappeared in Russia in the hands of an exile's wife,
Paid to Ivan the Terrible as the price of her husband's life.
A jewel that shone in a dozen crowns, and now lying
here in the mud,
Was once known to all the nations as the Rajah's
Clot of Blood.

Beside it the diamond bracelet worn by Peter the Great,
Catherine of Russia's necklace and Peter's golden plate;
And yonder cellar is full of wine—these monks knew how to live—
Break open a cask of vodka, I've a little toast to give.
Drink, mates, to the Rajah's Ruby!" shouted Mike the Flame,
To Catherine's matchless necklace and Peter's ancient fame!
While the coolie guide is digging o'er his countrymen I slew,
Pass me a mug of vodka and give us a song or two!"
"The devil! What's that?" cried someone—sound of the pick on a stone—
This vodka is raising hell with my nerves—I'll swear I heard a groan.
As the coolie guide leaped up from the hole, his yellow face was a sight,
With a scream like a soul in torment, he fled away in the night;
And I'd a hunch to follow, was about fed up on the game;
Paul and Ivan were on their feet when "Steady!" yelled Mike the Flame:
"See, here's what scared the heathen, he was working away in the hole
When he dug up the Rajah's Ruby it scared him, upon my soul.
Look, there it gleams again, mates, that light in yonder mud

Is the famous eastern jewel, the Rajah's Clot of
Blood."
And there the thing was shining, one great red
burning spark,
The only jewel known to show a light in the dark.
The stuff had been buried in an old army bag,
Thing was old and faded and rotted away to a rag.
Leaving its treasure scattered, a wonderful sight to
see.
Just quarts of pearls and diamonds, and stones
unknown to me.
Green and pink and yellow ones shone in the morn
ing light,
But the ruby was none the brighter than it shone at
the dead of night.
And Mike the Flame was one insane, the man was
jewel-mad,
Kissing and talking to those cold stones, he had the
"willys" bad;
Calling them silly pet names like any love-sick simp
I knew a crook like him before, called Irish Annie's
Pimp;
Clever dip, but crazy, he had a jewel gut,
Used to eat the stones he stole, he was a perfect nut.
Died of some stomach trouble, and the story was all
about,
How Irish Annie opened him up, to get her ear-rings
out.
Corporal there is laughing, don't believe me, he says
Could tell him stranger stories—some crooks has
funny ways.
The life they lead, the hooch they drink and the dope
mixed up in their brain,

And cursed with a guilty conscience, most crooks are
half insane.
So it was now with Mike the Flame, he'd a crazy look
in his eyes,
Hugging those stones to his bosom with foolish
slobbering sighs.
Until he became exhausted and softly began to weep,
Murmuring, "Jewel of heaven, you're mine," the
beggar went off to sleep.
And 'twas noon before he wakened, but the fit had
passed away,
Mike was normal as any judge and sensible like you'd
say.
Had a clever plan with the plunder to get it across
the sea;
I was to join the Canucks again, as he explained it
to me;
Say I'd escaped from the Soviet camp, or any yarn
would do—
Sail away to Canada and take the jewels too;
Dodge the kit inspection—they are mostly a bluff—
I could hide the stuff away, it sounded simple enough.
But he made me swear an awful oath I'd play the
hand out square,
Deliver the stuff at a certain point, all but one-tenth
share;
Jan and Paul were to dog my steps, follow close in
my track,
And if I was false to my sworn oath, give me a knife
in the back.
Their orders were to stick to me 'til I reached the
Canadian camp;

Canucks were somewhere east of us, we had many
miles to tramp.
And here I'd part from Ivan and Paul, to make the
scheme look good,
Stumble into camp alone, whining for shelter and
food.
"And hark you to me, Tom the Cat!" shouted Mike
the Flame,
"You may not see our spies in camp, but they'll be
there just the same;
And one false move from you, old friend, one step
off your proper track,
And a dozen guns are at your breast, a dozen knives
at your back.
So now farewell, old friends, we all have work to do—
But first we drink to the Soviet, and Tom, success
to you!"
And then away rode Mike the Flame, strange mixture
of good and bad,
He'd give a friend his last kopek, yet the man was
jewel-mad.
And we were never to meet again—Mike's race was
nearly run—
I heard Lenin cut off his head for something they
said he done.
You may lose your life for little in that land of crazy
laws—
Poor Mike had given his heart and soul and his head
to the Soviet cause.
Now when I saw him ride away, I felt like pitching
it all,
Ivan was good enough in his way, but I never fancied
Paul;

secret, silent sort of cuss, not open and free like Mike,
Never look you straight in the face, fellow you
couldn't like.
We were five days tramp from the Canadian camp,
and our course to eastward lay;
We were lazy and sick from the booze we drank, and
no one had much to say.
Vodka Paul was acting strange, I noticed through
the night,
He stuck to the bag of jewels, wouldn't let it out of
his sight,
sit down there, his eyes half closed, yet the beggar
never would sleep.
Ivan whispered wise to me, "Paul is thinking deep,"
And I was thinking some myself of the warning of
Mike the Flame—
Maybe the one he sent as guard was most to fear in
the game.
So me and Ivan doped out a plan to keep an eye on
Paul:
Each of us was to watch in turn and not to sleep
at all.
Well, that night on his watch it happened—I was
wakened out of a dream—
Sound of Russian curses ending up in a scream.
When I come to my senses and got my bearings right,
East Side Ivan had cashed in, and Paul was out of
sight.
Ivan lay with a knife in his back, I sees it's the end
of it all;
Gone was the bag of jewels and gone was Vodka Paul.
That's 'bout the end of the story, the tale of Tom
the Cat,

And it's true as gospel, sergeant, you can lay a bet on that.
I buried Ivan beside the Czar, close to the Kiosk wall.
Poor Ivan was one smooth worker, but I never fancied Paul;
Saw his curves on the Barbary Coast—cheap pimp—sell you his friend—
Always a double-crosser, and proving it right to the end.
I staggered back again to camp, looking starved and pale,
Reported to the major and told my woeful tale—
How the Reds had captured me after a desperate fight,
Hid me away in prison—oh, I spun the yarn out right.
And they made me a kind of hero, wanted to raise my pay,
Offered me a Lance Jack's stripe and five cents more a day.
I could have laughed in the major's face—'twas the funniest thing of the war—
A nickle a day to me who had gazed on the jewels of Nick the Czar!
But I played the game with Mike the Flame, acted on the square,
Though I never delivered the jewels or collected my one-tenth share.
But the best of plans miscarry, no matter how well they are laid—
There's that cursed bugle, calling us for parade.

[1]*Stick-up man—A robber.*
[2]*Danamore—State prison in northern New York.*

[3]*Coakey—A drug fiend, one who takes cocaine.*
[4]*"Fade the Kaiser's dice"—Oppose his play.*
[5]*Kamerad game—To surrender.*
[6]*Dobrow Lenin—Good Lenin.*
[7]*Barbary Coast—Slums of San Francisco.*
[8]*"Chi"—Roughneck name for Chicago.*

BON VOYAGE

Do you want to know when we're going away?
Well, I heard the Orderly Sergeant say
That he knows a fellow who does the chores
Down at the Quartermaster's Stores,
And the fellow says that the other day
He overheard an officer say
That he saw a letter right in the hand
Of the General thirteenth in command,
And that letter stated as plain as day,
Regarding this matter of going away,
That a wire had come from Ottawa
From a man higher up whose word was law,
And he said when the League of Nations meets
To settle the questions of war and peace;
After Wilson has landed in France
And General Haig is given a chance,
The very first question before that Board,
He has it on Marshal Foch's word,
Will be concerning this trip and us;
Then we will get orders by wireless
To sail in the early spring he thought—
Now that's the truth, believe it or not.

LES MISERABLES
OR THE SICK PARADE

Next to the cootie, the most unpopular thing in the army was parade. It was the monotony of the thing that was killing and various subterfuges were practiced to avoid it. The most popular and successful of these was to report or sham sick. To impose on the Medical Officer in this way was the great ambition of a large percentage of the men. This practice was called "swinging the lead", and the doctors had to be constantly on their guard, as some of the cleverest of these actors could certainly assume the appearance of a dying martyr.

* * * *

I have been a restless rover, drifting along with the tide,
Making a terrible mess of everything I tried;
Sitting in at every old game, playing my hand as I liked,
"Til getting tired, or getting fired, I packed up my grip and hiked.
It's a worthless kind of existence, winning no fame or money,
But you meet lots of guys that are princes,
You see lots of things that are funny.
Once I was "Assistant Lance-Corporal" in a game they call First Aid,
And the funniest thing I have seen is a Company Sick Parade.
I am set for the game when the M. O. arrives, hangs up his hat and coats,

And then sits in with a sickly grin, to sort the sheep
from the goats.
The sick, the maimed and the helpless crowd round
'til you scarce can see;
The M. O. picks up a paper and murmurs, "F Company."
"Well, Smith, what's your trouble?" and he looks
this Smith right through—
"Sir, I have pains all over, and headache and sore
feet too;
And I have not eaten for most a week" the M. O. he
says "Yes?"
"And I vomit three or four times a day"—and the
M. O. says, "What else?"
"And I have such a terrible cough, sir, I cannot sleep
at night—"
"But outside of that, Smith," the M. O. says, "I hope
you feel alright."
This Smith is a hypochondriac—even I know the
signs—
So the M. O. slips me the high sign, and I give Smith
two number nines;
Then we run through a bunch with grippe and colds,
but the sickest of them will live,
We give them quinine and dovers—it's about all we
have to give.
Then maybe we do a dressing on the side of some
body's jaw—
He has a couple of pimples—should never have left
his ma.
And I use the salts most reckless, working it in where
I can—
A dose of good old Epsom will never hurt any man.

But at times the thermometer warns us, "Here we
have a real case"–
It's not hard to tell a sick man, you can see it right
in his face.
And so they parade, day after day, it's always the same
old cry,
The ones with salts keep away for a while, and the
ones with colds don't die.
But then I don't blame the fellows for patronizing
first-aid–
I was "Acting Assistant Lance-Corporal", and even I
hated parade.

TO CRITIC IN "THE TIMES"

The following lines are in answer to a criticism of the preceding rhyme, "Bon Voyage" which appeared in the Victoria Daily Times. The Times correspondent, one Glesk, condemned our work, "Bon Voyage" as being out of metre, poor rhyme, etc., but did say in conclusion that it was to the point, pithy and terse—rather doubtful compliments.

* * * *

Them's harsh words, Glesk, them's harsh words,
You drive me to despair–
Now that I know I am not a "Pote"
I am going to cut my hair.
No more you'll read my heavy stuff,
My sonnets, lays and rhymes–
I'll just destroy that Christmas "pome"
I had written for *The Times*.

I admit that *us* with *wireless*
  Was really pretty bad,
But, Glesk, old dear, to think that up,
  Ye gawds! the time I had.
But why condemn a poor recruit
  For rhyming *thought* with *not*,
If you show me the error there,
  Then, Glesk, you win the pot.

So glad you like my *pithiness*,
  My *terseness, point* and *scan*—
There's compliments, and plenty
  For any humble man.
The merits you concede me
  Exceed my ambitions far:
  Oh joy! I am *terse* and *pithy*—
  Whatever those things are.

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

If you are a member of an organization and a comrade stabs you in the back, don't bleed—nurse your wound in silence, for the good of your organization.

CANTEEN CHECKS

Owing to the fluctuating standard of the Russian rouble, the soldiers in Siberia were sometimes paid in canteen checks. These latter had no value except at the Regimental Canteen and the system was very unpopular with the men.

• • • •

I have been around the country on many dizzy trips.
I've walked the ties, I rode the "blind", I stowed away on ships;
I've worked for different people in many different climes,
Been paid all kinds of money, from nuggets down to dimes.
They gave me dust in Dawson, in England it was pounds,
They paid me Mex in China, in Tasmania 'twas crowns;
In Mexico 'twas pesos, in Paris it was francs,
And I've squandered good old dollars that were paid me by the Yanks.
In Russia they use roubles, and marks in Germany,
But when they hand you canteen checks, it's a brand new game to me.
When I first joined the Army, I loaned a guy four-bits
I thought he'd never pay me, and I'd have to call it quits,
Guess the fellow meant all right, but heavens he was slow
Little matter of a half, you hate to ask, you know.
Today the chap came up to me, with a kind of saintly air,

"Where you been at, kid?" says he, "I hunted everywhere."
Then he murmured an apology mixed with an honest laugh.
And he said he meant a dozen times to pay me back that half.
But the grin left my features and I near fell on the deck
When he dug down in his pocket and slipped me a Canteen Check.

At times I often wonder if I really got in right
When I signed up with you fellows to go along and fight;
I left my home, I left my job, short hours and good pay,
And I left the dearest little girl that's in the world today.
Every birthday and at Christmas I always buy her something nice;
Now Christmas is here and I am here, but where, oh where's the price?
I walked the deck the other night thinking of her in a dream,
When I spied the fattest wallet a fellow ever seen.
Ah! here, says I, I sees where Katie gets that diamond ring.
There was not a soul about the deck to see me lift that book—
I picks it up and sneaks away, like any guilty crook.
Then I picks out a quiet spot way down between the decks,
But when I tore it open—it was full of Canteen Checks.

THE RALE CAUSE OF THE WARR

In the following story we have tried to portray in Private O'Dunn an Irish character that we have often met. Good-natured, generous, fond of story-telling, not above exaggerating, and often telling his yarns with such enthusiasm and effect as to half believe them himself. Perhaps at this time, owing to the sad condition and bitter feeling in Ireland, the suggestion of an O'Dunn defending the King will seem far-fetched and unreal. However, as this story appeared originally in 1915, may we not assume that the feeling of loyalty was not more common if not really general.

* * * *

The cause of the warr, said Private O'Dunn,
As we lay in the trenches, opposing the Hun,
Will, it was not the Kaiser started the warr,
Nor the Archdook of Austry, nor yit the ould Czar;
And 'twas naither our own King, nor yit the Sooltan
I'm ashamed to admit it, but I am the man.
Jist make your mind aisy and let it turn round
To the grate times in London whin our good King
was crowned;
Ye'll mind the Carnation, the crowds that were there
From Jarminy, France, and from iverywhere.
I was with the Dragoons, jist a slip of a lad—
I'll rimimber whin dyin' the time that I had,
With parades and reviews and with iverything,
And bands playing stiddy to honor the King.
I stipped into a pub for a mug of ould ale,
Whin I mates in that drinkin' place Larry O'Nale,
A bye from me Parish, he'd jined up with me,

But I'd not seen O'Nale since the days in Tralee.
We drank mug after mug to the land of our birth,
Then I give him Jarge Fifth, the bist king on airth;
To grace the occasion, what less could I do?
'Twas a toast to our King only mint for us two.
But a Jarmin joomps up with grate air and show—
His name I learned lat : was Hans von Garlow—
And he stips to the front of me, holding his wine,
Singing some hathen song about watching the Rhine.
'Twas a Gineral he was, all kivered with lace—
He scowls at me first, thin throws wine in me face.
Now you know I'm a quiet lad, slow for offince,
But that was the minute warr raley comminced.
A toast to his kaiser or a joke I'd 'a stood,
But the wine in me face raised me wild Irish blood.
Though young, with the sword I knew miny a trick—
I cut open his chake with me small swagger-stick;
Thin he pulls out a grate sword and made to attack,
But I stood all unarmed and his frinds hild him back;
But wan of his kind comes up where I stood—
Would I beg his frind's pardon for actions so rude?
It fair raised me Irish to hear the man prache,
I shouted, "Stand back, there! Kape out of me rache!"
For I swore the blessed water I'd niver more touch
If Jerry O'Dunn iver begged to the Dutch.
Thin he lift, but was back again, with soft wards—
Would I do him the honor of changing him cards?
I was sadly perplexed by the actions that night
Til the man towld me Von Garlow wanted to fight.
Thin up speaks a stranger, a Frinchman this time—
Would I be his servant if he would be mine?
He bows to me face and he gives me a card,
I read in fair English, *Napoleon Gerard.*

Thin I thinks, it's another of thim that wants fight,
But I found out soon after Gerard was all right.
He laid hands on me back and he smiled with sich
grace,
I feared the small crature would be kissing me face.
But he looked on the Huns with an eye that was cold.
I could see that he hated the Jarmins of old;
And he said in the matter on me he'd attind
'Gainst any save Frinchmen, himself was me frind.
Thin he made it all plain to me what I should do,
It samed the nixt day I'd to fight Von Garlow.
That was the maneing of the cards and soft wards—
He'd arrange it himself, and the weapons was sards.
We had supper with him, mesilf and O'Nale,
Sure we'd mate in the morning at six without fail.
We drank wine be the bottle and thin we drank more.
Me frind called me grate names, "cher" and "bon
jour";
And he talked of me dool all through the night—
Could he tache me a bit of a thrick for the fight?
'Twas a master he was—oh, lads, don't you talk—
With the sard he'd 'a baten ould Colonel Laycock.
Sich aise and sich gracefulness niver I saw,
One pint that he showed me he called "coup de
graw."
Would I plaze to rimimber that thrick 'gainst the
Hun?
'Twas his own life he'd saved with it, more times
thin one.
Will, the nixt day at six the marnin' was bright,
I was faleing first rate, though I had a hard night:
To the place of me dool we rode rather far,
Mesill and Gerard in a big motor car.

Where they chose for the fight was a fair spot of
ground,
I was as straight as a table, with trays all around;
We arrived in good saison, but the Jarmins were
there—
Von Garlow chose his blade with the finest of care.
I took what he lift and was up on me guard;
Me inimy bowed but spoke niver a ward.
'Twas not long 'til I saw the man knew how to
fence,
He tried pint after pint, but I waited me chance.
. I a stab on me shoulder and a scratch on the face,
But fought stiddy on with coolness and grace,
Til he puffed like a grate whale, he was tired I saw,
Thin I waited me chance for the "coup de graw" -
Winks me eye at Gerard, but spakes niver a ward,
Thin joomps in like a cat, and is under his garrd.
I parries his pint, and quick as a dart,
I gives him the half of me stale in the heart.
Whin I bends over him he was not quite dead,
"Ye damned Irish pig," was the last ward he said.

Will, I was arristed the minit I landed in town,
After fightin' me bist for me Country and Crown:
I could not understand whin the Colonel towld me
'Twas in serious trouble I'd put me country.
There were grate 'vestigations for two days or three,
But all through me troubles Gerard stuck to me:
He had lots of inflooence, the little spalpeen,
And he towld of me insult that himself had seen.
He'd an answer for all thim, mind not what they'd
say,

He was a man of great stringth in the French embas
say.
I was pardoned at last—'twas Gerard got me free—
But not 'til the Gineral himself sent for me.
He towld me me dool was a serious thing,
"Twas international trouble in the ind it would
bring.
He said Von Garlow was the Kaiser's relation
And we were like to have warr with the whole
Jarmin nation.
And you see he was right—after I was set free
The Jarmins kept spite for the English and me;
Like any sly foxes they waited their chance,
When the saison was ripe they made warr upon
France:
They knew we'd jine in whin they kicked up the fuss.
"Twas not France they wanted, but jist to spite us.
So, lads, if ye fall while you're facin' the Hun,
I hope ye'll not blame it on poor Jerry O'Dunn;
If he was to blame for startin' the row,
'Twas difindin' his country the bist he knew how.
"Twas no fault of his I hope ye'll allow,
For ain't it that same that we're all doin' now?

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

Considering death, I cannot feel very much afraid of a God who has always been very kind to me.

MY LITTLE REFUGEE

Midnight in a Russian city—midnight, it was cold
and damp—
With a spent pass in my pocket, I was tramping back
to camp;
And I cursed this form of slavery, army life to me
seemed hard,
Morning begging for your freedom, midnight sneaking past the guard;
Felt I was imposed on sadly, just a martyr to a cause—
Passing then the railroad station, saw a group that
made me pause:
Huddled in the great arched doorway, waiting there
to starve or freeze,
Were a group of Russian peasants, they were
northern refugees.
Refugees from Omsk and Moscow, wild disorder and
abuse—
Fleeing, leaving loved ones slaughtered, fleeing
murder and ill-use.
But they did not seem despondent, they were patient,
even brave;
Sitting there amidst their bundles, little treasures
they had saved.
And I felt ashamed for growling, felt myself as mean
and weak,
Seeking home, a whining baby—these had no home
for to seek.
All were men with one exception—ah! a little queen
was she,
Sitting midst her rough companions, was my little
refugee.

And she seemed so fair and tender, so unfit for such
a lot,
Yet so resolute and plucky, that I loved her on the
spot.
And it made me soft and awkward, felt my feet were
getting flat,
But I dug down for some roubles, and I brought
them where she sat.
And she took them, eager, gladly, with the sweetest
smile for me;
In the sweetest voice she answered, "Dobrow da
Canadaski."*
Making signs that she was hungry—might she go for
food with me?
God! Was ever man so tempted, by a hungry refugee?
But I felt so proud she'd trust me—trust in me to
play the game—
Just a reckless, roving soldier—didn't even know my
name.
And her comrades shared her feelings, didn't seem to
feel alarm;
Yet I knew that I'd been slaughtered if they thought
I'd do her harm.

I found out her name was Olga, and her parents both
were dead,
She had come south with her uncle—big guy with the
bandaged head.
And we had a midnight supper in a Chinese joint
close by,
And my refugee enjoyed it—yes, you bet, and so did I.
I was dreaming how I'd win her and I'd take her
'cross the sea,

And I'd dig a home up somewhere for my little refugee;
But I couldn't talk her lingo and she couldn't talk Canuck;
It was a most peculiar wooing—I admit that I was stuck.
It was midnight when I met her, when I left her it was four—
Left her with her wounded uncle, and I never saw her more.
I was given close detention 'cause I tried to pass the guard,
And I couldn't break that barracks, though I tried it, tried it hard.
Fourteen days in all they gave me, call it F. P. Number One;
When again I passed that station, course my little girl was gone.
And although I wore no wound stripe, when again I crossed the sea,
Yet I left my heart in Russia, with my little refugee.

*"*Yes, good Canadian.*"

FRASER'S FILOSOPHIES

RICHES

When I hear of a man who has made a great lot of money, I say nothing until I hear someone say that he is smart, then I say quietly to myself, "Damned old thief."

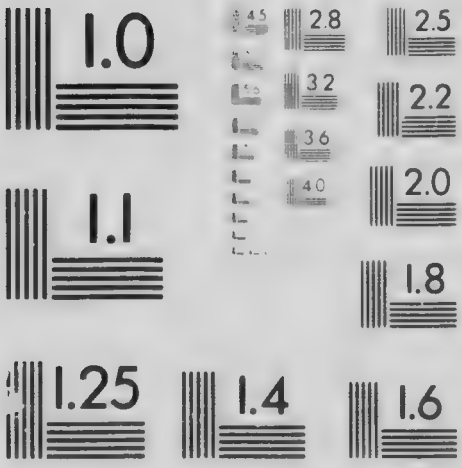
A BOOST FOR MR. BORDEN

Some fellows have a habit, you'll notice when they
talk,
A certain undercurrent or tendency to knock;
Now that has been my failing, that very same thing.
I hate to take the worst of it from either man or king.
Or if I have to take it, I like at least to show
They haven't caught a "sleeper" whose thoughts are
coming slow.
So I've talked about the sergeants when I thought
they drilled us hard,
And I raved about the butter when I knew the stuff
was lard.
I know I am eccentric, maybe I'm getting old,
But I'll say the spuds are frozen and the "Kitcheners"
are cold.
I knocked the queer old transport when we had to
swab the decks,
And I cussed the whole durn army when they paid
us canteen checks.
'Twas thus I raved on wildly once my tongue was
loosed,
But here's a little novelty—I am coming with a boost.
And coming from a knocker, although it may sound
queer,
I think it should go heavy, because it is sincere.
It's about those winter uniforms I sing my little song.
You know the bunch of furs we got—I am for them
—for them strong.
The cap is made of some rich fur, and I think the
socks are cute,

And that "coat of many colors", say, boys, mine's a beaut—
Great big and double-breasted, and the collar is Nile-green,
And it fits my manly figure the best you ever seen.
The outside is corduroy velvet, and the lining is baby-blue,
Silk loops to tie the buttons, and great big pockets too.
Those pockets take my fancy—they give a man a chance—
No need to lug your bottle in the bosom of your pants.
Shoepacks of finest leather, laced clean up to the knee—
Out on parade the other day, you should have seen me.
Oh! to be back in my home town, on Union Street or Dover—
See the chickens fall for me once they looked me over.
But order up the box-car and lock me up inside.
And even if I freeze again, I will say that you tried.
Just put a ticket on me, to Moscow or the Pole—
For with the rig I carry, I don't think I'll be cold.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

OUR LITTLE TWO-POUND CAN

It was a notorious scandal in the Army that the men's rations were sometimes taken and sold for profit in the canteen.

On the wild and rolling ocean, nothing marred our
    even way,
We drifted on "Propellerless" as day passed after day.
True, some men were ungrateful and kicked about
    the stew,
But there are some you cannot suit, no matter what
    you do.
As one brave saint remarked to me one day when I
    got sore,
"I had bread and butter I shouldn't ask for more:
And we had our tin of butter, our little two-pound
    can,
Two pounds a day for sixty—five point three grammes
    a man.

And we watched our tin of butter like our gold or
    canteen checks,
We feared the Chinks would pinch it and sell it
    round the decks.
We kept it bright and shiny, wrapped tight from the
    air—
There never was a rifle had any better care.
And we mounted guard around it, two hours to the
    man—
The guard would face a D. C. M. who lost sight of
    that can.

'Twas not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes a man.

And at meals we gathered round it, each man for his share;
It had to be divided with the most religious care.
To see us share that butter would wring the coldest heart—
We always picked an NCO to play the heavy part.
And to do the lance-jacks justice, even they were square,
As with the air of Solomon they gave us each our share.
'Twas not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes a man.

But disaster came among us and shook us to a man,
When one dark and gloomy morning we missed our little can;
And there were muttered curses, strong men were heard to weep,
When we came up to change guard and found the guard asleep.
I was sorry for the fellow—no use to be hard—
There was no man among us more sorry than the guard.
'Twas not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes a man.

Then we swore a dire vengeance 'gainst all Oriental
races,
We hunted 'round the galleys and a dozen other
places;
Woe unto the Bolshevik who crossed our path that
day,
There was murder in the hearts of half the men of
"A".
We gathered with black faces, and we swore it man
to man,
Some Chinks would walk the plank that night if we
didn't find that can.
'Twas not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound
can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes
a man.

Have you noticed, when in trouble, how a smoke
will cool you down?
Whether in a trench, or on the sea, or back in your
home town?
Now when we lost our little can, my own heart
nearly broke—
I beat it to the canteen to buy myself a smoke.
I got a fag and lit her up and was just turning away,
When I saw right there before me a sight that turned
me gray—
'Twas not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound
can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes
a man.

Yes, right there before me, I shuddered and turned pale,
Was our little tin of butter with a ticket marked "For Sale"!
Between our cheese and crackers it stood there in the rear,
And as I gazed upon it, I could not hide a tear.
We gave our cheese and crackers, though it was pain to part,
But when you took our butter, you took our very heart.
I was not much, but we loved it, our little two-pound can,
Two pounds a day for sixty, five point three grammes a man.

THE DESERTER

In the YMCA Huts overseas efforts were made to remind the men of their duty to the folks at home. Cards were displayed on the walls containing little reminders, such as "Do we do right when we don't write?"—"Have you written to mother lately?', etc., etc. These probably served a good purpose and are in accord with what we have written elsewhere. The Y' would always accomodate you with good advice or stationery, and in fact any other way, as long as it cost them nothing.

* * * *

I blew into a Triangle Hut,
Feeling raggy and down in the nut;
Fact is, I was just off a tear,
And looked at life's game through the eyes of despair.

My nerves were shaky, my head was sore—
'Twas the morning after the night before—
When my eye picks out a sign on the wall,
Of a lot of mail that was awaiting call.
Underneath a big card, made me grin to see,
Said someone expected a letter from me;
Then I laughed out loud in hysterical glee—
Who the hell wanted to hear from me?

A fellow who heard me walked over my way,
He'd something to do with this YMCA—
I guess he noticed my cynical sneer,
And knew that my head and nerves were queer,
For he starts right in with a game of "con"—
Asked if I thought the sign was wrong.
Well, I allowed that it was, if 'twas talking to me—
I'd written nowhere since I crossed the sea;
My wife had left me, the kid was dead—
"But what of your mother, boy?" he said;
"There is one to whom you are ever dear—
There is one who is always waiting to hear."

"But I am all alone in my old home town,
The police are watching to run me down;
I broke the old man with my games and graft;
I am wanted back there for ducking the draft.
I gambled and boozed until Dad got sore—
At last he fired me out of the door;
I deserted the Navy, just to be free—
Who the hell wants to hear from me?"
But this sky-pilot was game to the end,
Says, "Your mother, boy, is always your friend;
And though every thread of honor you part,
You'd still be dear to your mother's heart.'

Then I thought of a dear old lady somewhere,
Whose form was withered with years of care—
Thought how she cried 'til her heart was sore,
But she never turned me out of the door;
Just watched for me nights, helped me off with my things—
For an empty promise I'd pawned her rings -
Reel back home, and in drunken air,
Laugh at this saint in her dark despair.
Then I told the sky-pilot against my will
I really believed she loved me still;
But my soul was lost, when I picked up a pen
The old habits conquered—I wrote home for "ten."

THE APPLICANT

It's very kind of you, Mum, to call to see my Dan,
Since he came back he seems to be a very wreck of man;
I think it must be German gas, still inside his head,
He talks of places back in France and lads that now are dead.
Oh, thank you for the flowers—I'll put them with the rest—
Would you believe, he seems to like these maple leaves the best;
And yet when he's beside them, it's awful how he grieves,
And often I have heard him talking to the leaves.
Sometimes he will be laughing, then again he'll sob,
And talking to the leaves about the way he done his job.
You see, he went away to France, he and his brother Joe;

I didn't try to stop them, they wanted so to go.
That's more than four years gone now, when the war begun,
It seemed every mother's duty to give away her son.
But when I think about it, it makes me very sad—
Dan looked so big and grand that day, and now he looks so bad.
And they fought in different countries—France, Belgium and in Somme,
In Vimy, Flanders, Passchendaele—but now poor Joe is gone;
No doubt you heard about it, the papers all were filled,
Was in this place they call the Somme that my boy Joe was killed.
But Dan is only bad at times when the gas is in his head,
When he came in the other day I remember what he said;
It's only when he loses heart that the poor lad really grieves,
And then he will start all over, talking to the leaves.
About the last job he had, and how he done his best;
He has his recommend with him, the button his breast.
Talks about the trenches, the cold and wounds and pain,
How he starved and waited; now must he starve again?
He says how in the morning he must see another man—
It's very kind of you, Mum, to call to see my Dan.

PAX VOBISCUM

Now the red campaign is over, and we have taken
every hill,
Yet there may be some among us who have a
grievance still
For an injury real or fancied, whether serious or light
From officer or comrade—well, perhaps the man is
right.
Here is the time to prove his manhood, be too big to
hold a spite,
Show he couldn't really hurt you, don't mix in a
small-town fight.
Leave this bloody strife behind you as we gaily sail
away,
Show him you can grin and bear it—what d'ye say,
boys, what d'ye say?

In this very same battalion there's a certain NCO
Who rode me from dawn to darkness, whom I've
right to call a foe,
And I'd planned an awful vengeance when I got my
"civvy" clothes—
Swore I'd trail him like a Danite, and I'd punch him
in the nose.
Often, often nights I plotted, after I took off that
pack,
How some dark night at the crossroads I would stab
him in the back.
But perhaps the fellow didn't mean it, maybe it was
just his way,
So I guess that I'll forgive him—what d'ye say, boys,
what d'ye say?

And it's not to just "buck privates" I am making this appeal—
Officers are men like privates, they have feelings and can feel;
I suspect there's small dissensions, jealousies of rank and jars,
Greater theirs is the temptation—a real "buck" doesn't want their stars.
It may even be some Captain vowed some Major he would kill,
'Cause the Major stole his sweetheart, somewhere up on Kopek Hill;
And the Captain's dream is broken, a moody man he stands today,
But will he forgive the Major? What d'ye say, boys, what d'ye say?

But I don't pose as a preacher, and I hope I am game to fight,
Yet I know a man feels cleaner if he doesn't hold a spite;
And it's so that God would have it, full forgiveness, full and free,
And it's so some day we'll need it, yes, we'll need it, you and me.
So let's drop these small dissensions, personal and petty strife,
And I promise you, my comrades, you'll have better luck in life;
And with carefree heart and laughter, we can gaily sail away,
Men too big for any small thing—what d'ye say, boys, what d'ye say?

MY LOVE WAS LIKE A LILY

I brought my love a lily
With blossoms opened wide;
I brought my love a lily,
Last Easter-tide.
I sat them down together
And gazed at them with pride,
For I thought her like the lily
As they sat there side by side.

I hurried to my love last night
And gladly breathed her name,
I glanced up at the lily,
But it hung its head in shame;
Its stalk was brown and withered,
And its blossoms all were shed;
Yes, my love was like the lily,
And they both were lying dead.

Once more I gazed upon them,
Still sitting side by side,
And I laughed out long and loudly,
If I had not I'd have cried;
They were weak things of a season,
And like other weak things died;
Yes, my love was like the lily,
And they withered, side by side.

MR. RECRUITING OFFICER, SIR, DON'T YOU TAKE MY NAME

(Referring to the recent crisis in the Near East, we understand that the Governments of Australia and New Zealand, and also certain individuals in Canada, had volunteered to enlist for service in or around Constantinople, and were prepared to drive the Turks out of their own territory and into remote Asia. Thinking that perhaps the powers would be interested to know our own personal attitude, we have prepared the following statement.)

* * * *

I haven't any interest in the goings-on
in Greece,
And I know there's parts of Europe
That will never be at peace.
It's your fight, oh, Kemal Pasha,
And you'll make the fight alone,
So, form fours, you yellow devils,
I have troubles of my own.
War is grand for those that like it,
But I'm fed up on the game—
Besides I'm busy digging 'taters,
Officer, dont take my name.

Mother England is getting childish,
In every fight she wants to share—
Let the children play, old lady,
You sit down, and dont you care.
You are weary from the war game,

And I'm feeling much the same,
Just got nicely rid of cooties—
Officer, dont take my name.

And why England is so nosey
Is the part to me that's queer,
Other day I saw a street-fight,
And I didn't interfere.
Don't go looking round for trouble,
You've no bet on this here game;
I dont even read about it—
Officer, dont take my name.

But I presume big English merchants
Have some interests in the East;
Whether they go broke or prosper
Doesn't interest me the least.
I'm not doing any fighting
For to boost Lord Something's game,
He may kid some fellers to it,
But, officer, don't take my name.

There's another angle to it,
There are birds who think war funny,
Munition makers, packing houses—
They clean up, make lots of money.
If I sailed to Gallipoli,
They'd get money, I'd get fame,
But the latter's damn poor eating—
Officer, dont take my name.

WAR

When we hear less of *Rule Britannia, The Marseillaise, The Watch on the Rhine* and *America* in the public schools, we will probably hear less of wars in the word. Judging from national anthems, war songs, etc., there is not a nation on earth but is an insolent braggart. Analyzing these compositions, one finds that they are in most cases challenges to a fight, and impudent insinuations about one nations superiority over every other nation in general. England, for instance, has more right to be mistress of the seas than I have to be master of the sidewalks. The younger generation of school teachers should recognize their duty and discourage the martial spirit in the childish mind. After the horrible experience of 1914-1918, they should realize themselves and help the poor children to realize that there is nothing grand about war. It cultivates hate in their hearts, robs them of fathers, brothers and friends, and at best war is nothing better than Sherman said it was—hell. So don't encourage hell.

There always was, and I presume there still is, dangerous propaganda in even the most elementary school books. Such poems as *Bingen on the Rhine, Hohenlinden, The Charge of the Light Brigade,* all glorify war. If the "noble six hundred" had remained at home instead of invading a foreign country, they would have kept out of trouble. As it was, they were nearly all blown to pieces—not a very dignified ending—yet Lord Tennyson glorifies it. In *Bingen on the Rhine* we find the lines: *"For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die."* No, he may not

be afraid to die. Lots of people are not afraid to die they commit suicide, and we call them cowards. God did not create them for that purpose; they were meant to be of some use in the world, and not to throw their lives away for a transient gleam of glory. Instruct the children, for God's sake—and I say it reverently—that the poor mechanic who does something for his fellow man is far greater than the most famous general who, on the other hand, only plans and executes destruction and promotes disorder.

A short time ago I met a little boy of six years. It happened that I asked him wha he was going to be when he grew up. The youngster stuck out his little chest and said, "A soldier." Seeing that some dangerous propaganda had touched him, I spent half an hour trying to counteract it. I told him that I had been a soldier, and it was not nice at all, like in his picture book. He would be hungry and cold most of the time, and nasty little bugs would be always crawling over him and biting him. His pretty uniform with the gold buttons would be full of dirt and mud, and he would smell bad—like a dead cat. He would perhaps be wounded, and in great pain; perhaps he would die and never be buried, or if he was, great dogs would come and dig him up, then nasty crows and rats would come and eat his eyes out. Perhaps I was a little severe, and the poor child had bad dreams that night, yet he had better dream it than experience the reality—which would be quite possible in the career he chose. At any rate, my story impressed him, and if in after years it serves to turn him from his childish dreams, I feel that my time was well spent.

WHERE IS THE WORLD OF MY EARLY DREAMS?

In the golden days of childhood,
  Ere we had reached a man's estate,
Ere we entered in life's contest,
  When our dreams were really great;
When the battle seemed worth winning,
  And the world seemed fair with truth,
Ere we heard the starter's pistol—
  Who forgets the dreams of youth?
Fame and riches, love just budding,
  Hardly knowing what life means;
Where are the trophies that we fought for?
  Where is the world of my early dreams?

Riches soon were overtaken,
  Fame still beckoned, on and on,
Love was won but lost its sweetness—
  'Twas a battle for the strong.
Often, often too we staggered,
  Often we were beaten down,
Wildly after conquest panting,
  Power held the golden crown.
Here was never peace or comfort,
  Love's young dream 'neath soft moonbeams;
All was lost in roar of battle—
  Where was the world of my early dreams?

Battle-scarred and battle-hardened,
  Mad with avarice and hate,

Lost respect for God and honor,
  Ever, ever fighting fate.
More and more my wild soul panted,
  All I craved for, not a part,
Grinding down the weak and helpless,
  Greed ate out my weary heart—
Ate my soul and left it withered,
  Gold no happiness redeems;
Where is the manhood that I squandered?
  Where is the world of my early dreams?

Now the battle's din is over,
  And I am sitting all alone
With the trophies spread around me;
  I am reaping what I've sown.
Gold and power are my trophies,
  I have fame too of a kind;
Oh, it was not worth the struggle
  Or the love I left behind.
Gold won't buy the youth I squandered,
  Power's powerless it seems;
Ah! for peace again with nothing—
  Where is the world of my early dreams?

MODERN POEM

Poems of this kind are very popular with modern magazines. No doubt if we submitted this one, it would receive instant recognition, and we, like Lord Byron, would wake some morning to find ourselves famous. In writing a popular poem, great care must be taken not to express any intelligent idea. When you succeed in producing some lines that the public does not in the least understand, you have a successful poem. The public too will say, "It must be a wonderful poem, because I can't understand it." Like classical music, it sounds like hell. But of course it takes years of study in Europe to be able to appreciate a pleasing sound or a beautiful thought. So to be successful the poem must consist of a mess of vague mutterings which mean nothing, in this manner:

Oh! my soul soars through the ether,
  Mystic hands stretch out to me;
Nurse me on your heaving bosom,
  Oh, you green, pink, opal sea.
Ah! the air is balmy, balmy,
  And my dreams are ever sweet;
All the daffydills are blushing
  And the birdies go tweet-tweet.

Were I, was I, oh, but if I
  Could traverse the mystic space,
Soaring onward, ever, over,
  Softly moulding forms of grace.
By some spring to pause a little,
  Rest my wings upon its brink,
Cool my fevered brow upon it,
  And its nectar, dreaming, drink.

Oh! to muse again with Homer
  By Diogenes' light;
Plato, Plato, Aristotle,
  Lead me gently in my flight.
Ah! methink's me fancy's failing—
  Hear the mighty Titans shout!
Tell me, oh, ye great immortals,
  What the hell I'm raving 'bout!

WAR PROFITEERS

At this time when the nation is groaning under a war debt that it seems powerless to pay, we suggest that the condition could be relieved by taking over the winnings of the war profiteers. It is not a substantial tax that we suggest, but every penny that they accumulated during the period of the war. Why should some people live in comfort and amass fortunes, while others lie in muddy trenches, half clad, half fed, and wholly unclean?

In a crisis like the late war—if such a crisis is unavoidable, which we doubt—every person and every resource, from the King down, should be conscripted. They all alike should be given an allowance just sufficient to maintain them. In this way none would profit by bloodshed. We submit that any person who makes money selling arms, munitions or army supplies to be used for slaughtering human beings, has little to be proud of. It's a hard way to make money, men. Don't you ever have bad dreams, of white-faced, khaki-clad, blood-stained bodies, mutilated for your profit?

THE VALETS OF THE MULES

(Describing the loss of the S. S. Russian in the Mediterranean Sea, January 1917)

We were mostly "lit" with booze
When we sailed from Newport News,
And the skipper that we signed with
Offered five pounds for the cruise.
We were bound—no matter where—
'Twas the war front over there;
No one liked to answer questions
And us valets didn't care.
Our cargo? Could you guess?
It was mostly mules and us—
Mules they had gathered near and far
For their awful game of war.
U's they had signed as simple tools
And as valets for the mules.
To serve their meals and make their bed,
Clean their rooms and hold their head.
'Twas December's dreary day
When we slowly steamed away—
Somewhere off an English port
Came two cruisers, our escort
Through the submarines and mines
Safely to the British lines.
Our escort, we thought, poor fools—
They were to escort the mules.
"Land those mules" was the command,
"Mules cost money—men be damned."
And we made the trip in peace,
Landed us somewhere in Greece;

Soon our cargo was ashore,
And we started back for more.
When we cleared for God's country,
Not a cruiser could we see;
We must play a lonely hand
Ere we reach old Yankee land.
"Save those mules," was the command,
"Mules cost money—men be damned."

And we sailed one early morn
Midst the fiercest thunder storm—
Thunder peals that screamed like shell,
Lightning that seemed from hell.
Out at sea twelve hours about,
When a U-boat picked us out—
Came a crash, an awful rip—
England lost another ship.
With a great wound in her side,
Bravely still she fought the tide,
'Til we swung the lifeboats free,
Grabbed a belt and put to sea—
Seas few lifeboats could have fought,
Some were lucky, some were not;
I saw them sink, one at a time,
Saw them swamped with friends of mine;
As I watched them disappear
I was crazed with hate and fear.
Fancied I could hear bells toll,
Then I damned the Kaiser's soul—
Damned the sharks that claimed their prey,
Breathed a prayer and rowed away.
Later, off the coast of France,
We were picked up most by chance—

Battleship of Johnny Bull,
Called *H. M. S. Drypool.*
But you weary of my verse,
Anyway I've told the worst.
We were passed from hand to hand
Ere we sailed for Yankee land;
But all things end, so ends the cruise—
We were back at Newport News
With our five pounds, carried far,
We were back in Riley's Bar,
Drinking toasts to our old gals,
Drinking toasts to our lost pals;
Bore ourselves like men of wealth,
And we drank the Kaiser's health—
Drank the hope he'd rot in hell,
Likewise wished his family well;
Long before the night was done,
Damned the U-boats, every one;
They were murderers, devil's tools,
Killing poor valets of the mules.

THE WAR COUNCIL

1914

I see that Europe's all at war, said Timothy O'Moore,
Squatting on the cider keg in Squire Parson's store:
What in tarnation's all about? sez Ebenezer Stout,
I 'low the kaisers, kings and things has hed a falling out.
How far be Europe from Clam Cove? speaks Councillor Magee,
I have heard a hundred miles or more—let 'em fight for all of me.

I am going to join the volunteers, sez Wild Will O'Toole
Who ran off with the circus once and never went to school.

1915

The French took twenty thousand Huns and killed a hundred score,
The Russians took twelve miles of front, the English twelve miles more;
I allow the war's most over now, sez Ebenezer Stout,
'Gainst such awful losses them Germans can't hold out;
With England west and Russia east they haven't any chance;
I see that young O'Toole's been killed, it sez somewhere in France,
And his mother got a letter, but it only made her sad,
The General said that young O'Toole was the best man he had.

1916

The English heving one fierce fight with that Turk Dardanelles,
Trying to take his forts and sich, amid a storm of shells;
Calcalate will take three years to crush the German foe,
Leastwise that's what Kitchener said, and I 'low he ought to know.
They'm submarines been raising Ned along the English shore,
The Lusitania is sunk, and many, many more.

Kitchener himself is lost along with all his crew,
While on his way to Russia to plan out what to do.

1917

The English took twelve thousand Huns and killed
a hundred score,
The Italians took six miles of front, the English eight
miles more.
How many men that Kaiser's got? How big is
Germany?
Can't half believe them papers, sez Councillor Magee.
If all the Germans I seen killed and all the prisoners
took
Was put in Squire's ledger, 'twould fill the whole
durn book;
America has jined with us, Brazil and everyone,
And yet it's my opinion the war has just begun.

1918

It sez them Germans is starved out, speaks Councillor
Magee,
And that half a million Yankees are already over sea.
And round this Chatty Thirry them Yanks be fighting
well,
While Haig and Foch up further north is giving
Fritzy hell.
Then a cry arose from up the cove and all sprang to
their feet,
'Twas the weekly mail arriving, up from the county
seat;
And Red Rod McNeil the driver burst in through
the door
And screamed, "The armistice be signed! I declare
the war is o'er!"

A QUESTION

Ere the world's degeneration,
Through the pride of every nation,
We aspired ever then
To the lives of honest men;
But now from sunrise to its set,
Who won't take all he can get?
Who won't pay the least he may?
Who won't scheme from day to day?
Give a little, get a lot,
That's the rule, plus 'don't get caught'.
For to gain our varied ends,
Yes, I say it, gentle friends,
One who is honest, just the same,
Plays today an unequal game.

Or in commerce frenzied strife,
Vile ambition's aim in life;
Where the nice rules, learned at school?
Where our vaunted golden rule?
Who won't take advantage small
Drive his neighbor to the wall?
Greater efforts all compete,
Drive his family to the street;
Or with aid of tool or knave
Drive the father to the grave.
On this our own high place depends,
Yes, I say it, gentle friends;; :
One who is honest, just the same,
Plays today unequal game.

Or in love's own gentle art,
Who won't break a tender heart?
Vanity and lust supplied,

Cast a ruined life aside,
Drag it down to his own level,
Smile and think that he's a devil.
In our modern plan of life,
Who wouldn't take his neighbor's wife?
Little recks he of his course,
Secretly or by divorce;
Naught his place in life depends,
Yes, I say it, gentle friends,
One who is honest, just the sam,e
Plays today unequal game.

SHANGHAIED

Now, as near as I remember, it was some time in December,
When I blew in the last dollar of a hard-earned summer's roll;
I was broke and hungry too, wondered vaguely what to do;
In a bar I met a "runner" who was picking up a crew.
'Twas a beaten looking gang that he took down to the train,
And the tag he tied upon us was marked "to Northern Maine."
Then I sold my brand-new "benny" and I went and hocked my watch—
When I left the old North Station I was "lit up" like a torch.
'Twas the best old world I lived in, all a jolly joke it seemed,
Then I tumbled down between the seats, and fell asleep and dreamed—

Dreamed I married Cleopatra and lived somewhere in class,
While her oriental servants poured my booze out by the glass;
Well! I was the King of Egypt, all was mine to give or take--
But I woke up in a logging camp up on Mus-qua-cook Lake.

THE LATE LAMENTED JOHN BARLEYCORN

(When the nation voted dry)

Woe, woe on every hand today,
John Barleycorn has passed away;
The best beloved in all the land,
The most reviled on every hand.
Ah! but we sighed to see you go,
Our secret friend, our open foe;
Your epitaph need not be long—
We borrow from the ancient song.
You made us happy sometimes,
Sometimes you brought us joy,
But there were other times, John,
You made us feel—oh boy!
You leave us now with whitened head,
You leave us now with noses red,
Just as we had learned to love ya—
John, we never thought it of ya.

Yes, we were lovers ever true,
Called you pet names—Honey Dew,
Golden Dream and Early Dawn—

We gave up real loves for you, John;
Gave up dreams of wealth and fame,
Gave up home and honored name;
Who will say we were not true?
We sold the family clock for you,
Dumped the baby on the floor,
Lugged his cradle through the door;
To the auction room we went,
Came and brought you every cent.
Yes, who will say we did not luv ya?
John, we never thought it uv ya.

Ah! yours was a tragic end,
Old story of a treacherous friend;
And more than one, yes, quite a few
Who hid away for days with you
On many a private chamber floor,
Declared your merits o'er and o'er,
Sang to you, laughed, ah yes, and wept,
And in your arms lay down and slept,
But who in public turned their coat
And knifed you with the deadly vote—
Sprouted sudden angel's wings,
Talked reform and other things,
Held themselves as far above ya—
John, they never really loved ya.

But I've heard a rumor, men,
That friend John has riz again;
That strange noise the other morn
Was the ghost of Barleycorn;
And his spirit is about,
Kind of sneaking in and out;
And a man who saw him says

He has lost his former ways—
Doesn't cheer you up as well,
Tastes as if he came from hell;
He is costing twice as much,
And is poison to the touch.
Would you kill the friends that love ya?
John, we never thought it uv ya.

THE PROFITEER

In our system of domestic training for children it may be observed that if one child shows a generous, more or less careless disposition—sharing his playthings, his pennies and little treasures with his playmates—this disposition is discouraged, and we call him a foolish spendthrift, etc., assuring him that he will never amount to anything, and stifling the God-given virtue of charity in the child's generous, pure little heart. And on the other hand, if his little brother exhibits a miserly saving disposition, clutching at pennies and hiding them in his little bank, he is much applauded. Mama tells the neighbors that Tommy is very good to save and has one dollar and sixty seven cents put away—as if this miserly practice was a virtue. We contend that the hearts of most children are often corrupted by well-meaning parents and relatives who applaud and encourage this miserly habit of juvenile profiteering. Yet there is not on God's earth a more beautiful sight than a generous child. The condition referred to doubtless arises from an ignoble ambition to be rich—the general opinion being that the greatest fate in store for us would be to have in our possession a great number of dollars. We condemn this attitude as base and cowardly, un-

charitable and ungodly, and it has been proven repeatedly that the possession of wealth does not promote happiness.

* * * *

He whined and whined throughout the night and
early in the morn,
A selfish little beggar from the day that he was born:
Kept his father marching up and down the floor,
Crying for his mother, always wanting more.
And when his eyes were opened he yelled with all
his might,
Little hands extended for everything in sight.
A juvenile junk-dealer, to accumulate his mission,
Developing amid applause that saving disposition,
And papa gave him pennies and watched with eager
pride
To see him get his little bank and hide them safe
inside.
Grandpa gazed upon him and beamed with senile joy
Said his little Jasper was a wise and saving boy.
At school he was a model, greedy for all knowledge,
Had no time to waste on games like other lads at
college;
He never drank or gambled, or chewed or smoked
or such,
Not from natural virtue, but because it cost too much.
Stood out first among his class when graduation came.
Neighbors nodded wisely and said he'd make a name.
Then he took his filthy savings that the average
fellow spends,
And started out in business to skin admiring friends.
By little mean manoeuvres, but well within the laws.
He gathered in a harvest amid the world's applause -
A grafter from the cradle and still a grafter now,

He got himself a Sunday School, holier than thou.

So he became a power and won a great renown,
Always getting, never giving—ate up half the town;
Broke the Widow Simmons with some mortgage on
her place,
Sent her to the poorhouse, robbed her to her face;
And the slavish population even took his part,
Gaped at him in wonder, said that he was smart.
When the war clouds gathered, he hid behind his
wife,
Natural dread of losing, feared he'd lose his life.
Big men were needed here at home to carry on the
fight,
He opened up a factory, made a million overnight.
Little Jasper is a power and holds his head on high,
And it's little Jasper soaks you on everything you buy.

But I say that he wins nothing, though he schemes
from morn to night—
He never wins the comfort of knowing he does right.
Haunted, always haunted by the fear he will lose his
gold,
Troubled in the cradle, troubled when he's old;
Never felt the satisfaction of helping out a brother—
But there is a joy to giving that's not like any other.
With none to love him for himself, but many for
his gold,
Making no friends while he was young, he buys them
when he's old;
And he sees the day of parting, when he must leave
his wealth
That he took such pains to gather by greed and
schemes and stealth;

Sees his treasures slipping that he gathered up so well,
At night his dreams are troubled with a vivid view
of hell.

Oh, gentle lady, guard thy son,
And bend him right while he is young;
Teach him early to believe
'Tis blessed to give, not to receive.
Show every sin is caused by greed
That later to damnation lead.
A generousb boy won't lie or squeal,
It's selfishness that makes us steal;
A generous boy won't pick a quarrel,
A generous man won't wrong a girl.
If we the scrolls of hell could read,
We'd find them all marked "greed, greed,
greed—
The meanest word this side the grave
Is save the pennies, save, save, save;
Such cravens fear to draw their breath,
And whine, "Alas, I'll starve to death."

NOW, AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

If a man loses his property, through fire or unfortunate investment, we all sympathize with him as if he were of all men in the world the most to be pitied. Yet there are people in the world who never had any property to lose. Why not sympathize with them? The former at least enjoyed his property for a time and probably got some satisfaction out of it. The latter never had any property, so they always were and still are more to be pitied than the man we sympathize with. This occurred to me several years ago, in the following manner.

I had been in a card game with some friends and lost several hundred dollars, all that I had in fact. Riding on the train, second class, with some money I had borrowed, I was feeling quite depressed over my recent loss, until a very poorly dressed young fellow entered the car. It was a cold winter day, and I noticed that he had no gloves and his hands were apparently blue from the cold. Yet he was whistling cheerily and even attempted a little step-dance, probably to warm his feet. It was then that the following lines occurred to me. I had always admired gameness. Yet here I was whining over a few dollars, while another fellow who was certainly in a worse position than I, was bravely taking things as they came. I do not claim any medals for writing these lines, and do not say that they have any particular merit. Yet they have often consoled me for a loss or disappointment—reminding me of some other fellow really in a worse position than myself. I would feel ashamed if I could not stand the gaff as well as he did. Try repeating this next time your best girl turns you down.

DEEP STUFF

A man who has lost all that he had,
Has no fair reason to be sad;
For really what is he to choose
With one who ne'er had aught to lose?
Have both not still an equal chance
With love or fame to lead the dance?
So though you've lost your gold or wife,
You've lost naught 'til you've lost your life.
One should not weep and fate abuse—
Some fellows ne'er had aught to lose.

GAMBLING

It distresses us to hear people talking about things that they are totally unqualified to talk of — things that they know absolutely nothing about. We have in mind certain clergymen who, for instance, condemn card playing in all its forms. These gentlemen would not touch a card any more than they would a rattlesnake, have had no experience with the ethics of card playing, and yet they condemn it. Where do they get their information, we wonder? Probably from their imaginations. Certainly their conclusions are entirely erroneous. There are a few Wild West traditions of Forty-Niners exchanging shots over a card table. These stories have been repeated and exaggerated by reformers so as to make brawling and fighting appear incidental to nearly every card game. Let me tell you, oh good people, that there are more jealousies, more ill-feeling, and more uncharitable remarks exchanged at church clubs and auxiliaries than at the average card game. Oh, yes, we are qualified to speak, for we have been in both places. There is an unwritten but much recognized law among gamblers, from the little newsboy crap-shooter right up to the gentlemen's club, that a squealer, welcher, poor loser, will not be tolerated. So the attitude of gameness is cultivated, become a habit, and nearly all card games are conducted in harmony. Indeed, some of the nicest people I ever knew, the best friends I ever had, I met at card games.

Now you will say, what about the knaves and card cheats? We answer, these are not gamblers, they are thieves, and they appear sometimes in the best society, sometimes in churches, and occaionally at card games.

They are certainly the exception—the average card player is harmless, and the average clergyman means well. But the latter sometimes makes the mistake of attempting to discuss matters of which they are entirely ignorant. Oh, yes, gambling is certainly very bad unless the holy ones happen to be holding the pot. Observe them at church fares and bazaars. Here they take a square foot of homemade embroidery, a silk cushion or maybe a crazy-quilt; they then conscript some pretty young lady, whom they know can impose on us "tellers", and the young lady proceeds to sell tickets on this homemade product. There are no rules in this game, as in draw poker—anything goes that brings in the gold. It is the most daring of daylight robbery, and we have heard one of these young ladies boast that she had collected sixty-three dollars on an article that certainly did not cost three.

The above remarks will not be popular with many people. We remind them, however, that this is not an attack on churches, but a defense of liberal principles. For generations the card player has been abused in certain pulpits; hounded, chased, arrested and prosecuted. So is it surprising if in the twentieth century he turns in self-defense and fights back? Believe me, good people, while the ink remains in my Waterman, I will answer every attack.

I NEVER FOUGHT KID CUPID BUT HE HIT BELOW THE BELT

'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour,
I saw my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tender flower
But she was sure to fade away.

—MOORE

Fade away? Tom Moore, you said it,
And I sort of faded too.
Many times this youngster Cupid
Messed me up the same as you.
Yes, I've reached for tender flowers
Just the very way you tell,
But they turned to poison ivy
And they stung like very hell.
No, I never fought Kid Cupid
But he kicked and scratched and bit;
Always seemed to have a horseshoe
Tucked away inside his mitt.
That's all moonshine, little Cupid
Ain't no forlorn lover's friend;
He may tease you for the moment
But he knifes you in the end.

Love's young dream and love's awakening,
Wonder where they get that stuff?
For to watch your dream a-fading
Is awakening enough.
When you see your tender flower
Smiling at some other guy—

When she seems a little colder
And you sort of wonder why;
Wonder if she smelled the moonshine
Or the spearmint on your breath;
When those jealous arrows hit ya,
Don't it make you long for death?
Daggers, bayonets and stillettos
All are tame to what I've felt;
No, I never fought Kid Cupid
But he hit below the belt.

No, I never boxed the youngster
But he used me rather bad,
And I never loved a maiden
But the loving made me sad.
Maybe it comes down from heaven,
Kind of blessing from above;
Yet the roughest road I'v travelled
Was this very path of love.
Keeps you hungry, weak and restless,
Dreaming, doubting, feeling bad;
And it doesn't do to crowd them,
Too much loving makes them mad.
Oh, I've found the wimmin crool;
Oh, the sadness I have felt;
No, I never fought Kid Cupid
But he hit below the belt.

So I'm off the janes forever—
G'wan, woman leave me be;
Love's a joy for other fellers,
But it's poison hooch to me.
Oh, I know you, wily woman,

And the danger in your eyes;
Yes, I've often boxed with cupid,
But I've yet to win the prize.
Well I know the little feller
Kids you on from round to round;
Well I know where I will finish—
Lying helpless on the ground.
So I leave love's ring forever,
'Cause I know the cards are dealt;
No, I never fought Kid Cupid
But he hit below the belt.

THE CHRISTIANS

We do not even hope that the following poem will be well received in most quarters. However, we have no apologies to offer—it is certainly an exposure of a condition we have frequently observed. But let no one think for a moment that we dare to condemn the teachings of Christ, or that we do not admire a sincere follower of his example. As must be obvious from the rhyme, our purpose is to expose the hypocrites, the Pharisees, whom the Lord himself rebuked. Posing as Christians, there are today in many churches, some pride-swollen members, who have absolutely no sense of humility, who consider themselves as only slightly inferior to Almighty God, who when they pray are constantly reminding God that they themselves are all purity, but weeping over the fact that many others are very sinful. They moan of how they labor to correct others, and in short, like the tattletales at school, endeavor to keep God informed of how wicked everyone else is, and again reminding him that they are most distressed by the sins of others. That is the kind of Christian that we condemn.

We know that there are clergymen in certain fashionable city churches who do not preach according to their conscience but entirely to please the church members who are responsible for their handsome salaries. I myself during labor trouble in a certain city heard one of these parrots take the text: "*Servants, obey your masters, in all that is not sin.*" Quoting this from the Bible, he misapplied it and twisted it up so as to make the strike then in progress seem a very sinful thing, directly contrary to the law

of God. "Servants obey your masters," he would repeat. "Is that obeying your master, wilfully striking against his will?" And again he would quote from the Bible: "*Friend, I do you no wrong; I give you a penny a day.*" Oh, he was eloquent. The old thief who owned the mill supported the church, and starved women and children with low wages was so moved by the sermon that he was almost in tears, was sorry for himself and felt that his employees were doing him a great injustice. So much for Scripture misapplied.

Then we have the small hypocrite. An instance: A small hotel in a Nova Scotia village proudly displays the sign: "No card playing allowed here." It does not say gambling, or refer to the Sabbath particularly, just *no card playing*. A friend and myself were storm-stayed at this cheerful spot for several days and were not allowed to entertain ourselves with a game of casino or cribbage. It would be very sinful. Yet, I will give you the address if you want it; you can go down there and the neighbors will tell you that the proprietor of that same hotel would steal your watch if you did not keep an eye on him.

One more instance, you ask. Well, in Shelburne County, I went to the principal store in a small village and asked for a package of tobacco. With a saintly air, in a ghostly voice the proprietor told me "We never sell tobacco." Yet less than a month afterwards, in the town of Yarmouth, I met this same holy man, drunker, much drunker than I have ever been – and that's some drunk.

Now to the story, which is of course fiction, but founded on fact. I saw a similar instance in a town

Maine. Let it not offend any sincere, humble Christian—it is not meant for him—but if you consider the title misapplied, change it, and let us call *The Hypocrites.*

* * * *

One dark night at Hobo Junction,
We were squatting round the blaze;
Mostly all a bunch of drifters
Who had seen better days.
There was me and P. I. Kelly,
Yonkers Bob and Boxcar Ned,
Alky Splits and Joe the Lunger,
And the kid, Rhode Island Red.

When up speaks this Joe the Lunger,
He was gazing at the skies
With a curious expression
In his washy faded eyes.
"What are you supposing, Alky,
Is beyond them stars up there?
I ain't laying to religion,
But it gets my goat for fair.
Often night times in these jungles,
When I'm lying on the ground,
When I cannot sleep for coughing,
And I sort of stares around;
There's them stars a-winking at me
Like so many little eyes,
Far away some dog is barking
And I hear the nightbird's cries.

"Then the dew comes gentle falling,
Sort of gives the leaves a drink—
I ain't laying on religion,

But it often makes me think
How all things is taken care of—
Here's my belly full of stew;
Here's the stars a-watching o'er me,
And the plants is drinking dew.
Then my conscience whispers to me,
Joe the Lunger, say your prayers;
Though the world is set agin you,
There is someone else who cares.
And I ain't ashamed to tell it,
How it often makes me sad;
There's a God so good and gentle,
And me treating him so bad.
Then maybe I take to praying,
Always near the end I tell
How I ain't no good for Heaven
But I'm most too good for Hell."

Then up speaks this P. I. Kelly:
"Lunger, can that Christian stuff—
I was brought up 'mong the churches,
And I knows them well enough."
Yells back Lunger, "Ain't not God's
fault
'Cause the churches don't do right;
I'm not talking of the churches
But the God I feels at night."

Sneering answers P. I. Kelly,
"Where you think you got that stew?
Did it rain on you from heaven?
Or was it brought in to you?
Did me and this kid Rhode Island
Steal the stuff and bring it in?

If you waited for the heavens,
Guess your stew'd be mighty thin.
Gave your Christians plenty chances
Ere we stole and fell in sin;
Knocked at many Christian kitchens,
But they wouldn't take us in.
Didn't give the cup of water
That the preachers tell about;
So the Lord don't owe them nothing,
'Cause they razzed us, turned us out."

"I don't hold to Christians either,"
Then up speaks old Yankee Bob,
"But I tell you, P. I. Kelly,
You are talking like a gob;
Bragging 'bout those vegetables
That made up our evening meal—
How could you and Red 'a stole 'em,
If they wasn't there to steal?
And I'll say this God of Lunger's,
He who gave the rain and dew,
Is the one who grew that fodder
And who put it there for you.
And it's not alone for Christians
That He means the bread and meat;
He supplies the fruit and berries,
Fish and game that all may eat.
And we ought to thank him for it,
Come it fast or come it slow;
Listen and I'll tell you fellows
How I came to be a 'bo.

"I was raised down in Bradford
On the Central Valley Line;

It was there I passed my childhood
And the days of auld lang syne.
Bradford back in 1890
Was a budding textile town;
Labor trouble there in 'thirteen,
And the mills were all burned down.

"Years ago the folks of Bradford,
Counting in the chance they had,
Were about like other people,
Some were good and some were bad;
But the so-called "better classes"—
Them what prays, parades and sings—
Were the ones that you could count on
For to do the meanest things.
Take the case of Violet Mason—
There was tragedy refined—
And I never think of Bradford
But it sort of stabs my mind.
"Sunny" Mason, most folks called her,
That was drowned in the lake,
Who gave love and life and honor
For a so-called Christian's sake.
Lord, I loved her all my lifetime,
And I'll love her while I live;
Though she gave him all I valued,
Ah! it wasn't hers to give.
We were lovers from the cradle,
Sweethearts from the very start,
And a smile from Sunny Mason
Was like sunshine on my heart.
And the life and love she squandered,
That she gave away so free—

Mind, I don't say aught agin her,
But she promised them to me.

"She was—oh, I can't describe her,
Yet I see her in my mind;
It would take a poet fellow
Or one of the artist kind.
But she was the belle of Bradford,
Little princess of the town,
And her eyes were big like saucers,
Big and wet and cool and brown.
You'd not find no eyes to match them
Though you searched from coast to
coast;
Though I loved her, Lord, all over,
'Twas those eyes that hurt me most.
And I never can forget them,
I am foolish I'll allow,
Buried all the love God gave me,
Never see a woman now.

"But I spoke before of Christians—
It was one who owned the mil,
Name of James Forbes Warwick,
Had a son, too, name of Will.
Wild Will Warwick, neighbors called
him,
Was a kind of rolling stone,
Though I think he'd acted decent
If they left the lad alone.
Mother hypocrite church member—
Thought the boy should be a saint—
He was jolly, free and careless,
Could not tolerate restraint.

Mother was a social worker,
Active in the ladies' guild,
But she couldn't tame the young 'un,
'Twas reform that drove him wild.
Member of the local fast set—
There were others just as bad—
But he hid his sins from no one,
Lot of man about the lad.
So whatever mischief happened,
The solution was the same—
Look for Wild Willy Warwick,
And 'twas he who got the blame.
I'd no call to like the youngster,
Though he always fought me fair,
And I think if they'd 'a let him
He'd 'a treated Sunny square.
He did love her, who could help it?
And he told us, one and all,
How he meant to marry Sunny,
He was not a sneak at all;
But was driven out of college
For some scrape that he was in;
Came to Bradford, now I ask you,
Watch the dirty work begin.
He was big and clean and handsome,
Dress and manner were the best,
And the girls all fell before him,
My poor sonny with the rest.
It's a fact that all good women
Like to give a man a chance,
And if he is wild and careless,
It just sweetens the romance.
Mother sympathy, I reckon,

Deep within the female breast,
Long as he is clean and honest,
She forgives him all the rest.
Sunny told me all about it,
With the tears in her big eyes,
And I hid the wound within me--
I can't stand them when they cries.
So I said it didn't matter,
Couldn't blame her for her choice,
But I felt a lump arising,
Kind of choking off my voice.

"So he took my place 'side Sunny—
I would meet them here and there—
Seemed like God was siding with him,
They was such a handsome pair.
She was wearing his big diamond,
And I heard, had named the day,
So I simply couldn't stand it,
And I sort of slunk away.
Sent my bundle to the station,
Climbed aboard the early train,
Thinking perhaps away from Bradford
I could kind of ease the pain.
Wandering round about the country,
Like a sheep what's been strayed,
I was far away from Bradford
When the tragedy was played.
Ah! but well I know the story,
It will haunt me 'til I die;
Told me by my own old mother,
Her that never told a lie.

"Mrs. James Forbes Warwick,

Mother of this Wild Will,
Was as proud as Mr. Satan,
Who they tell us opened Hell.
She was prominent in Bradford
And had influence back there;
So she got her strings a-working
For to separate the pair.
Said their stations were so different,
Were they wed 'twould be a sin;
Now again I'm going to ask you,
Watch the dirty work begin.
First she sent the boy to Europe
On some business bout the mill—
Said a season spent in Europe
Was so necessary for Will.
And the boy was acting tamer,
Settled down and cut the pace,
Swore he'd never give up Sunny,
Told his mother to her face.
So she comes along to Sunny—
Would she want to injure Will?
If he learned the business proper,
Some day he would own the mill.

"Thinking only of her lover,
Sunny entered on the plan;
Oh! the constancy of woman!
Oh! the selfishness of man!
But I cannot blame the young one
He was soft and easy swayed,
And he kind of fell in helpless
To the trap that Mama laid.
Surely he'd return to Bradford,
Yes, perhaps within a year,

And he'd find the girl a-waiting—
Silly, what was there to fear?

"They were over young to marry—
Sunny was not yet sixteen—
Two mere children, 'twasn't legal,
No such nonsensee ever seen.
Papa lent a father's counsel—
Ere he talked about a wife,
He had ought to show some impulse
For to make a mark in life.
He had never earned a dollar
With his hands or with his head;
How could any wife respect him
While she ate his father's bread?
That remark just stung the youngster
And he fell for mother's plan;
Said he'd do it all for Sunny,
Show her he could be a man.
So they parted at the station,
From what follows you can tell
'Twas the proud heart of a Christian
Started both those kids to Hell.
Flushed from the first victory,
The proud mother steeled her heart,
Said she felt it was her duty
For to keep the two apart.

"Masons had for generations
Worked about the Bradford mill,
Vassals of the mighty Warwicks,
And the plan was followed still.
Since a child had Sunny Mason
Worked around a cotton gin,

Since a child had Sunny boarded
Up at Warwick's Bradford Inn.
Some there were who owned a cottage,
But this some were mighty few;
Sunny boarded with her mother,
Mother worked for Warwick too.
Father killed when boiler busted,
Industry is quite a game,
Old man lost his life for Warwicks,
And poor Sunny did the same.

'Mrs. James Forbes Warwick
One day ordered out the car,
For to drive to the post office,
Though the distance wasn't far.
Hannah Cronk was the postmistress,
Proper slave in proper place;
She thought Mrs. James Warwick
Was the queen of all the race.
Subject to the mighty Warwicks
For her job and living too;
At a nod from Mrs. Warwick,
Nothing mean she wouldn't do.
See her now all humble, smiling,
Offering Madame a chair;
Lady graciously accepts it
With the proper queenly air.
Then she casually inquires
'Bout the mail from foreign parts;
Raves a bit about how mothers
Keep their children in their hearts.
She had sent her son to Europe
For to cure his mad romance
With that little Sunny Mason;

Was there mail, by any chance?
Then she tells her willing vassal
What was really in her heart;
'You must help me, my good Hannah,
For to keep those two apart.
Any mail from Sunny Mason
Put aside with mine each day—
Really I must tell my husband
That you ought to have more pay.
They are so young—why, merely child-
ren—
Will forget their nonsense soon.
I depend on you, good Hannah,
Very well, good afternoon.'
Thus the mighty Christian lady
Stained with sin her helpless slave;
And another sod was thrown
On poor Sunny Mason's grave.

"Every evening, true as sunset,
Sunny Mason watched the mail,
Coming down all flushed and hopeful,
Going back all drooped and pale.
'Nothing else tonight, Miss Mason,
Only just that union card"—
Lied the slave of Mrs. Warwick;
God, the woman's heart was hard.
'Not a thing tonight, Miss Mason'—
Oh, the devil played her part;
And each lie the woman told her
Was a knife in Sunny's heart.
Said the loafers round the office,
Noticing she looked so sad:
'What's amiss with Sunny Mason?

Lord, the girl is looking bad.'
'Til one night she kind of fainted
Just within the office door—
Sunk down like a withered flower,
Pale and worn, upon the floor.
Took her to old Doctor Tupper,
And he brought her round again;
But he whispered something to her,
Added something to her pain.
Something never told to woman,
Be she maiden, widow, wife,
But brings sunshine with its sorrow,
Adds some happiness to life.

"Bravely Sunny kept her secret,
Watching, waiting, day by day;
Always she would spend the evening
Gazing out across the Bay.
Once some passers heard her murmur,
'Dear God, bring him back to me'—
And that started folks to saying
Sunny's heart was across the sea.
Often in a simple saying,
Folks don't mean to be unkind;
Never thinking how her trouble
Weighed upon the maiden's mind.
Meant it for a friendly teasing,
Even children playing free
Made a silly game and called it
'Sunny's heart across the sea.'
Yes, and Holmes, the village drunkard,
Out upon his week-end spree,
Homeward came one midnight singing
'Sunny's heart's across the sea.'

So like any slang expression
It was wafted round the town,
And the helpless little maiden
Tried in vain to keep it down.
Came a Sunday, after service
Where her husband led in prayer,
Mrs. James Forbes Warwick
Chanced to notice Sunny there.
'Why, Miss Mason, so delighted!
Didnt know you worshipped here—
We so often speak about you—
Have you heard from Will, my dear?
He is over now in Paris
With the Harrington P. Browns—
Says one look at gay old Paris,
And one's through with little towns.
Also says compared with Europe
Life in Bradford's rather mild;
Hope he isn't dissipating—
Dear Will always was so wild.
An affair with Charlotte Denby—
Her mother was my dearest friend—
Will don't know his mind a moment,
Dear knows where it all will end.'

Calmly, bravely, Sunny answered,
'Pardon, Mrs. Warwick, please;
I've some property he loaned me,
Will you kindly give him these?'
Slowly loosed a golden bracelet
And a diamond from her hand,
Pressed them firmy on the lady,
Murmured, 'He will understand.'
He had given her a locket

Ere he sailed across the sea—
Little heart-shaped golden locket,
Engraved on it was 'Think of me.'
This alone did Sunny Mason
Of her treasure keep apart;
Simple little golden locket,
It was hanging o'er her heart.
All her love and all her treasures
She had given to him free,
All except one little locket—
'Graved on it was '*Think of me.*'

"But the noble Christian lady
Had not finished out her part;
Merely let the victim suffer
Ere she stabbed her to the heart.
'Yes, Will wanted me to tell you—
What was it? Let me see—
Something 'bout a childish promise;
Just tell Sunny she is free.
She will realize our folly,
Childish passions are a crime;
Tell her that I meant to write her,
But I'm deuced pressed for time.'
This last thrust had been a mercy
And had served to ease the pain;
Sunny lay upon the pavement,
She had fainted once again.

"Now the noble Christian lady
Quickly leaves her victim's side,
For to volunteer assistance
Was beneath her Christian pride.
Once again came Doctor Tupper—

'She must have a quiet place;
There's a coward in her story,
I know something of the case.
Somewhere there's a lover hiding
Who should now be at her side;
Poor neglected little woman,
He won't find a fairer bride.'

"It was Sister Sophie Kirkwood,
A Salvation Army maid,
Who when other Christians faltered,
Came and freely offered aid.
It was in the Army barracks,
Dying Sunny Mason lay,
It was here old Doctor Tupper
Called to see her every day.
Brain fever the Doctor called it,
And Sister Sophie has told me
How for days the maiden muttered,
'Sunny's heart's across the sea.'
It was in the Army barracks
On an early Sunday morn,
That the fever left the maiden
And a little child was born.

"Village folks are freest gossips,
You could see in every face
How eager they were all to talk
Of the little girl's disgrace.
Women whom she never injured
Always knew she'd come to harm,
Since the time she stole the apples
Up at Freeman Woodill's farm.
Men recalled me as her sweetheart,

Some folks still back there today,
Tell of how I took my bundle
And I kind of slunk away.
If I'd injured Sunny Mason,
God! I'd never left her side;
Had her child 'a been ours,
I'd 'a blown up with pride.
No one mentioned Wild Will Warwick.
They were afraid to lose their job;
So they picked me for the villain—
Men are such a humble mob.

"Sunny Mason just said nothing,
Bore her shame with quiet grace;
Went down to the mill one morning—
Found another in her place.
And the forelady whimpered,
It was orders that she had;
Oh, the shame for her department,
That a girl had been so bad.
Her advice to Sunny Mason
Was for her to leave the town;
Maybe somewhere far from Bradford
She could live it down.

"Meantime in the Mason household
Things had gone from bad to worse;
There were doctor's bills and room rent,
And a nearly empty purse.
Without Sunny's modest earnings
They'd not get along at all;
Baby multiplied expenses
And the widow's pay was small.
As I've said of Bradford people,

Some were good and some were bad;
And the good ones often helped them
With the little that they had.
Sunny's heart and soul were centered
In her sickly little child,
And the thought that it should suffer
Drove the little mother wild.
Ignorant in care of infants,
When the little one would cry,
She would stuff its little stomach,
Fearing that the child would die.
Want became a very nightmare,
Morn to midnight she would strive
In a quest for food and clothing
For to keep the babe alive.
Sickened from this over-feeding,
Through the night the baby cried;
Neighbors said it must be hungry,
Would be better if it died.
So affairs grew daily graver
For poor Sunny and her child;
'Til the case attracted notice
From the Ladies' Christian Guild.

"Mrs. Henshaw Henry Hudson
Was the local druggist's wife;
For to mingle with the Warwicks
Was the lady's aim in life.
So one evening Mrs. Hudson
Called on Mrs. Judson Small,
And together these two ladies
Glided up to Warwick Hall.
Mrs. Warwick was the president
Of the Ladies' Christian Guild;

Active also in a movement
To convert the heathen child.
So they raved away together
For a portion of the night;
Quite enough to save the yellow,
Then they thought about the white.
'Oh, those poor wretched Masons,'
Gushed the godly Mrs. Small;
'Really, dear Mrs. Warwick,
Can't something be done at all?
Such example for the children,
Living at the Warwick Inn;
Can't we speak to Sunny Mason
And remind her of her sin?'
So the ladies wept together,
No efforts were too high priced
For to save the girl for Jesus,
For to bring her back to Christ.
'Send a message, Mrs. Hudson,
To the widow Mason's place,
For to send the girl before us—
We will look into her case.
Thursday night at our meeting
We expect her to appear;
Really, I am kept so busy
With the mission work, my dear.'
Thus spoke Mrs. James Warwick
Of the Ladies' Christian Guild;
And the sky was looking darker
For poor Sunny and her child.

"So the maiden got the summons
To the meeting Thursday night,
Worded kind and sympathetic,

And her heart was feeling light.
Hadn't Mrs. Hudson written
Something 'bout her baby's good?
Also something 'bout employment—
She would help her if she could.
So they opened up the meeting
With the proper highbrow prayer;
Reminding God that they were holy
But there was a sinner there.
Then they had a little sermon
From the Reverend Morgan Brown,
All about a place called Sodom
That the Lord had once burned down.
Very popular, Reverend Morgan,
With the ladies of the town—
And there were some Bradford babies
Looked a lot like Morgan Brown.
Then we heard from Mrs. Warwick,
President of the Ladies' Guild;
She had gone to lots of trouble
For Miss Mason and her child.
She allowed no doubt the maiden
Had the baby's good at heart,
But had no way to support it,
So 'twas best that they should part.
Hannah Cronk, whom Sunny hated,
Would adopt the little one;
Ladies' Guild pay all expenses,
See that everything was done.
She had arranged about the papers
With her neighbor, good Judge Crowe,
And the facts about its mother
Sunny's child need never know.

"Wild-eyed, Sunny Mason
All this devils plotting heard;
Hugged her baby closer to her,
But she never said a word.
The adoption was quite legal
As provided by the state;
Hannah was the legal mother,
Mistress of the child's fate.
Unhampered by the little baby,
Far away from Bradford Inn,
They all prayed that Sunny Mason
Would atone her life of sin.
In this envelope was a ticket
And a twenty dollar bill;
In another town there waited
A position she could fill.
Half exhausted, Mrs. Warwick
Ended with a kind of hiss—
'Hannah, bring your little charge here
And give Sunny Mason this.'

"Hannah neevr reached the maiden—
They all heard a wild shout:
'Want to rob me of you, darling,
Rob me, yes, and turn me out.
Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Warwick,
Tell your son that for his sake
Sunny Mason and her baby
Died alone on Willow Lake.
Stand aside, you heartless, heartless,
Stand aside and let me through;
Oh! if you are really Christians,
Heaven must be proud of you!'
Scratching, kicking, fighting, tearing,

Sunny Mason reached the door—
Sprang into the kindly darkness
And they never saw her more.
One bright morning, two weeks later.
The old ferryman, John Blake,
Found the maiden's body floating
With her child on Willow Lake.
With her baby's arms about her,
She seemed happy as could be;
On her heart a little locket,
'Graved on it was *Think of Me.*
She is buried back in Bradford
In the greenest kind of ground,
And I often wander down there,
And I kind of hang around;
You'd not find no grave as pretty—
There's a weeping willow tree
And a little stone I put there
All it says is *think of me.*
Bradford Mills is now a ruin,
And my Sunny's long at rest;
God just couldn't let me have her,
And of course he knows what's best.
Yet, perhaps I'll see her later—
She'll be waiting up above;
Thats my own idea of heaven—
Being close to those we love."

Lunger—A wandering consumptive.
Jungles—Rendezvous for tramps.
Gob—An ignorant person.
'Bo—From the Latin *hobo,* a bum.

The writer of this rhyme confesses that previous to preparing this little story, *The Christians,* he was under the impression that *guild* was pronounced as it is spelled. Since then, however, some of our more learned friends have informed us that it is pronounced *gild,* that the *u* is silent. This unfortunately throws some of our lines out of rhyme—but we understand that all great poets may apply for what is called "poetic license" in a case of this kind. So kindly grant us one of "them things"— it is the first we ever asked for. But license or no license, the dice are down, we have made our pass, and like a game sport, we "lets it lay."

IN THE SPRING A FELLER'S FANCY

(Suggested by Tennyson's "Locksley Hall". Oh! Alfred, Alfred, what Amy did to you at Locksley Hall was tame compared to what happened to me in—oh well, no matter where.)

In the spring a feller's fancy—
What was that the poet sings
'Bout the lapwing and the robin
Dressing up in gayer wings?
Like the flappers of our village
With their brilliant Easter hats,
And the backyards echo gladly
With the love-calls of the cats.
In the spring when things were mating
And the wedding bells were rung,
It was in this joyous season,
In the spring, that I got stung.

Oh, this world is full of sorrow,
There are many germs what stings;
I've been moonshined up in Judique,
And saw snakes and other things;
Yaller fever out in China—
Would you think that was enough?
Wet-nursed cooties in the army,
And my hide was pretty tough.
But I'm wasting 'way to nothing
Since I found she was a flirt,
Though I try to bear it bravely,
Ah! proud beauty, I am hurt.

So I hold with Mr. Kipling,
Love? Huh! there ain't no such thing;
It's a sort of fishing-fever
That a feller gets in spring.
And methinks I bit too easy—
Ah! there was the great mistake—
Thought I was a silver salmon,
But she played me like a hake.
Now the greenest grass looks withered,
Even lost my taste for booze;
Love is sunshine when you're winning,
But it's moonshine when you lose.

Fool I am—ah! how I loved her—
Smothered her with soulful sighs;
Took her frequent to the movies,
Fed her up on "Arctic pies".
Bah! the bait was false, defective,
And the lady hard to please;
Just observe how quick she threw me
When she met that hunk of cheese.

Comrades, leave me here a little,
Leave me lying where I fell;
Fare thee well, thou Cleopatra,
Desdamona, fare thee well.

TO MISS CANADA, IN CONFIDENCE

These Maritimes, the papers say,
Are falling backward every day,
'Cause all the cream and all that's best
Is grabbed up by the Middle West.
Miss Canada, we wonder how
You keep the laurels on your brow;
Brave little champion of the East,
We got our rights for once at least.

But I presume with all their art
They really didn't have the heart;
One winning smile from our Miss Blair–
The thing was settled then and there.
Ah! beauty, grace, deportment, style–
You had them dizzy for a while;
Mere men, I ask, what could they do,
But hand the laurel wreath to you?

Ain't we got nice girls down this way?
Let us present our Miss Glace Bay,
And Winifred, there's another one
Who doesn't take the dust from none;
A blooming, blushing little rose
Who sprinkles sunshine where she goes;
But I just let her blush unseen,
Lest I regret what might have been.

This queen business has different features,
And wimmin is uncertain creatures;
A young man in St. John one day—
But there, I won't give that away.
Oh, that poor guy was feeling bad
About a girl he said he had,
Who climbed the ladder of success—
He lost her after that I guess.

And so I'm going to hide my rose,
Or trot along where'er she goes;
I'm not in such secure position
To advertise for competition,
Or hurl a challenge far and wide,
Who dares to take her from my side?
This queen business has different features
And wimmin is uncertain creatures.

THAT'S VERY STRANGE — NOW LET ME TELL ONE

During the fall and winter of 1921-22, a remarkable story or series of stories were written about the Antigonish Ghost. A certain provincial newspaper took up the subject—probably to promote its circulation—but whatever the purpose, it certainly started something. Day after day they faithfully reported each new development, and were finally responsible for bringing one Dr. Prince, a professional ghost-layer, to this province from New York.

The scene of the ghost's activities was at the

home of Alexander MacDonald, who lived in a remote part of Antigonish County. Much that was strange and uncanny was reported from this locality. Stories were printed, told and retold, of how cattle fastened securely in the stables were mysteriously loosed, great chains were heard to rattle, etc., etc. Who ever heard a ghost story where chains did not rattle? Inside the MacDonald house mysterious fires were constantly appearing. It was stated in the paper that as many as thirty-seven fires occurred in one night, while MacDonald, the owner of the house, and two neighbors named MacGillivray, were watching for these very occurrences. They sat up, watched, extinguished and counted thirty-seven fires. We ask the reader kindly to keep this in mind. While they watched the fires appeared on the walls and elsewhere.

About the time that His Ghostship was in his most playful mood, the newspaper referred to sent one of its correspondents down to the MacDonald home, accompanied by a policeman named Carroll. These gentlemen reported some remarkable happenings during their stay at the house. Mysterious hands slapped them, more fires occurred, and they had an eventful night in general. The story was also told that they were attracted to the cellar by a mysterious noise, that Carroll grappled with some object, threw it to the floor and handcuffed it. But when he led it upstairs, and a lamp was lighted, the prisoner had vanished, and the empty handcuffs still held by Carroll were red-hot. Then along comes the great scientist. Meet Mr. Prince of New Yawk. We let him go

to it, and waited patiently day by day for his report. Finally he issued the statement that: "The fires were caused by a young girl named Mary Ellen, an inmate of the MacDonald home—that she did light the fires, but that she did not—that it was not really her but her discarnate self—that she had no sense of moral guilt."

Cease, man, cease. If MacDonald and his friends were watching and extinguishing the fires as they appeared, how could Mary Ellen flit around that small house at midnight without being seen or heard? Or if it was not her substantial self, but some spirit, some discarnate thing, why associate it with Mary Ellen particularly? How can the learned doctor identify it as her spirit? Why not say it was the spirit of Jesse James, Robin Hood, or Cleopatra? Moonshine, my dear doctor, moonshine.

However, as it seems after the fashion of the times to commercialize everything, even ghosts, we followed the example set by the newspaper and prepared the following rhyme. We do not know what the newspaper realized, but we made $140.00 selling our rhyme at summer picnics and fairs. Come again oh ye discarnate things.

SH-H-H, SPIRITS

"Course no one believes in Bochdans,
Still you know it's very queer—
That case down at Caledonia,
Only twenty mile from here.
There's a house that catches fire
Thirty-seven times a night;

"Twas all printed in the paper,
So of course it must be right."
Thus spoke Lizzie Ann MacPherson
At the dance at Donald Dhu's—
Lizzie Ann she takes the paper
And keeps posted on the news.
"Ha!" laughed Katheryn MacKinnon,
"What a lot of silly rot!"
Katheryn is home from Boston,
And of course she knows a lot.

Lizzie Ann pays no attention,
Just the same's she didn't hear;
Kind of gives a little shudder
And repeats, "It's very queer,
But a writer for the papers
Went down there one lonely night,
Took along Detective Carroll,
Case the ghost would make a fight.
They were sleeping in the spare room
When they heard an awful scream—"
"Ha!" says Katheryn MacKinnon,
"Guess they only had a dream."
Lizzie Ann again ignores her,
Just the same's she didn't hear;
Gives another little shudder
And repeats, "It's mighty queer."

Up jumps brave Detective Carroll—
Likewise up jumps Carroll's hair—
Whispers hoarsely to the writer,
"Comrade, comrade, are you there?"
Silent they creep out together,

Move toward the cellar door;
"Ha! cries Carroll, Now I got ya!"
And throws something to the floor;
Snaps the handcuffs onto something,
Hisses, 'Comrade, strike a light;
We will get a lot of credit
For this bit of work tonight."
When they got the lamp a-lighted,
And looked round for what they'd caught;
Carroll held the empty handcuffs,
And the cuffs were burning hot.

"'Course it wasn't any spirit,
'Cause the dead can't come back here;
No one would believe such nonsense,
Still, you know, it's very queer."
Thus spoke Lizzie Ann MacPherson
At the dance at Donald Dhu's;
Lizzie Ann she takes the paper
And keeps posted on the news.
'Twas a proper ghostly hour,
Most the dancers left the floor;
We were crowding close to Lizzie,
Hoping she would tell us more.
Something strange about ghost stories—
We may like to think we're wise,
Yet we like to hear and tell them—
Half believe the darnedest lies.

What about this scientist feller
That the paper brought down here?
Lizzie Ann she coughs a little,
And repeats, "It's very queer;

Doctor Prince, the paper calls him,
Claims he got it figured out;
Made reports to his society,
And has proved beyond a doubt,
Mary Ellen, in her nighty,
But not meaning any harm,
Lit the fires, loosed the cattle,
Raised the devil on the farm.
Thirty-seven trips made Mary,
Lit the fires on the wall;
Yet the farmers who were watching
Didn't see the girl at all.
You see it was really Mary,
Yet it wasn't her at all;
Her 'discarnate self' they call it,
Lit the fires on the wall.
But if you ask this Mary Ellen,
She will say beyond a doubt,
That there are no Bochdans in her—
She wouldn't have the things about.
But of course this learned doctor,
This great man, Professor Prince,
Must have reasoned with the spirits,
'Cause there's been no fires since.
He's on speaking terms with Bochen—
Studied them at School in Rome."
Thus spoke Lizzie Ann MacPherson,
Just before I took her home.

*Bochdans—Gaelic for "ghosts".

MARCHING DOWN THE TOTE ROAD

When we landed in Musqacook,
  Way up near the line,
We looked the whole place over,
  Where we had to do our time.
Three months was the sentence,
  The fare was beans and ham,
But most of us done time before,
  And didn't give a damn.
For when the winter was over
  In that God-forsaken land,
We'd go marching down the tote road
  With our time slip in our hand.

Chorus

Marching down the tote road,
  With your time slip in your hand;
When you leave the bush behind you,
  Lord! Ain't the feeling grand?
And you think of other hikes you took,
  When you were on the bum,
But now the skies are fairest
  And the south wind's murmur come.
Little birds all singing gaily—
  Oh, some day you'll understand,
When you're marching down the tote road
  With your time slip in your hand.

(Ain't that just a grand "pome"? We wrote that when we were very young. Oh, do you think so? It's so very kind of you to say so—giggle, giggle.)

WILL YOU BRING YOUR WAGES HOME, JOHN?

Here are words that we once wrote for a song poem, hoping that it would become a great success like 'Barney Google' and 'Yes, We Have No Bananas'. We consider that the words and idea are every bit as good—don't you? We now call the attention of the writers of those successful songs to this lyric, "Will You Bring Your Wages Home, John?". We understand that the writers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" made sixty thousand dollars in two months as a result of their efforts, and we now offer them this beautiful poem, which they can set to music, and we will both make a lot of money. We would be willing to sell them this poem outright for twenty-five thousand.

'Twas a balmy day in summer,
  'Twas a humble little home,
The flies were something orful,
  Buzzing round the baby's dome.
A father grabbed his pay-book
  And was starting on his way,
When his wife looked at him sadly,
  And these words to him did say:

Chorus

Will you bring your wages home, John?
  Don't spend them all on beer;
The landlord and the butcher
  And the grocer's been here.

We got to get the 'larmclock
  And the cradle out of pawn;
I asks ya will ya bring them,
  Will ya bring them wages, John?

(Repeat chorus and keep repeating until it becomes popular.)

Echoes from Labor's War

If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake?
No. True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear.
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell

FOREWORD

Reviewing the work on the following pages, a quarter of a century after most of it was written, one wonders if some of it should have been written at all. Certainly in this, the year of the second great war, 1944, one may scarcely credit that such severe criticism of conditions in those early years were justified. But the reasoned conclusions of a hungry man are never the same as those of a well-fed and moderately comfortable one. This writer has observed both of the most recent great wars, and has been active in the first of them, and his experience has proven that while both conflicts brought much bloodshed and sorrow, they did not bring the slow suffering and death from starvation that was encountered in the depression period between the conflicts.

Ask your boy or friend in either of those wars who experienced the depression after the first one, if he would rather be clutching his rifle in the front battle line or starving, looking for a job, after the war was over, and he will say in every case, "I'll take the trenches." That is why the song of the year 1924 was so popular:

> *"And I must confess that I was happy, more or less,*
> *When I was stony-broke in No Man's Land."*

It is then, in an effort to give a true glimpse of the depression years in Canada between 1923 and 1939 that these rhymes, written mostly during that period are reassembled in this little volume. That some of them are severe, we admit—but so were the conditions under which they were written severe.

Hungry, discouraged, abandoned people should not be expected to choose their words. But such was the writer's passion for verse that sometimes, even in front of his "once daily" toast and tea at the Chinaman's, he would break forth with the inevitable rhyme:

> *"These here hard times do weaken me—*
> *Too damn much of this toast and tea;*
> *I tighten my belt as my waist grows thinner—*
> *Lord! What I'd do to a nice big dinner!"*

So let the critics of my poor little book bear down as hard as they will. They will never succeed in humiliating me until they can prove that what I write or speak is not the truth.

DAWN FRASER

He Starved, He Starved, I Tell You

His name was Eddie Crimmins
And he came from Port au Basques,
Besides a chance to live and work
He had nothing much to ask;
No, not a dream he ever had
That he might work and save—
Was quite content to live and die
And be a working slave.
And yet, he starved, he starved, I tell you,
Back in nineteen twenty-four,
And before he died he suffered
As many have before.
When the mines closed down that winter
He had nothing left to eat,
And he starved, he starved, I tell you,
On your dirty, damned street.
The papers told of how the prince
Had caught a little cold,
And how the princess' youngest kid
Was nearly four years old;
Such news is featured foremost
In every yellow sheet,
But they don't tell when workers die
Standing on their feet;
Standing on their feet because
Nowhere to lay their head.
No, such news ain't featured much—
I bet you never read
How for days young Crimmins
Wandered round the street,
And how a half-froze apple

Was the last he had to eat.
Too poor to buy, too proud to beg,
He sunk down like a log,
You never threw the lad the crust
You'd throw a lonely dog.
Oh Capital! oh Capital!
You've an awful debt to pay—
Oh Capital, I hope it's true
There is a judgment day;
And when the great judge calls you up,
May I be there to see,
And if he wants a witness
I hope he calls on me.
If I have wings, I'll gladly fly,
If not, I'll use my feet,
And then I'll tell how Crimmins died
Upon your damned street.

THE CASE OF JIM O'COUGHLIN

(A story told the children by an old man in the year 1991)

Listen, my children, and you shall know
Of a crime that happened long ago,
In the dark and dismal days of old
When the world and all was ruled by Gold,
When the earth was a rich man's institution—
That was before the Revolution—
When the gold was dug by the toiling masses
But stolen from them by the master classes.
Yes, men went way down under the ground
And hunted and toiled till the gold was found;
And it sometimes happened to these men
That the earth fell in an buried them,
But still others toiled on, both young and old,
Working, working to get the gold.

But there was another class, I recall,
Who never did any work at all—
Sat in rich offices 'bove the ground,
Yet they got all the gold was found.
How did they get it? You want to know—
Were they stronger than those who worked below?
Did they beat in combat the other men?
No, dear, the gold was handed to them.
Yes, the workers who dug in every land
Crawled up and laid the gold in their hand,
And the reason they did it was because
There was a thing they called "the laws";
And the law was, in these days of old,
That the lazy men owned all the gold

And all the minerals in the ground
Belonged to them, wherever found;
And these rules, of course, were made because
Twas the lazy man who made the laws,
And they were given this easy job
By the very men they used to rob.
Yes, children, it's hard for you to see
How such conditions could ever be,
But I have seen Election Day
When working men would shout "Hurray!"
Would vote, would argue—yes, and fight
For the Hon. Farrell and Hon. Hyte.
They would choose these men to make the laws
That acted against the workers' cause,
And once when there was a strike in town,
These men sent soldiers to ride them down.
Thus the lazy bosses piled up their gains
'Til the workers began to use their brains:
Very slowly it dawned on them
That the lazy ones were cheating them
And robbing them of the treasures they found
By working so hard beneath the ground.
And after a time the working mass
Spoke of these thieves as the "Capitalist Class"—
Certain workers saw through the plan,
And Jim O'Coughlin was such a man;
He told the men they were being fooled
By the other Capitalist Class that ruled;
He organized workers and trained them well,
And he told the bosses to go to hell.
Ah! he was an honest, fearless man,
And he fought the bosses when trouble began.

Oh, yes, it's true—I should have told
That the workers were given a little gold;
Yes, every week, on a certain day,
They were given something was called their "pay"—
'Twas a very small part of the gold they found
By working so hard beneath the ground.
I have said that the world was ruled by gold,
And it was for it that goods were sold—
Food and clothing and everything
Was bought for gold, and gold was king;
So the workers were given a little. Why?
If they didn't have food of course they'd die;
And if the working class was dead,
How would the capitalist class be fed?
That was the reason they gave them pay,
To keep them alive from day to day,
With strength enough to dig the ground
So the master class could bum around.

Well, as long as they had enough to eat,
The workers toiled on with weary feet,
Like faithful horses or patient saints,
Without demands or without complaints,
Day by day they would toil and strive,
Satisfied just to keep alive.
And as I have said, on election night
They would cry, "Hurrah for Farrell and Hyte!"
And send these men to Ottawa
To tinker 'round about the law,
And year after year, each law they'd pass
Tightened the chains on the working class.

So the capitalist class owned all the gold,
And they also owned the goods that were sold,

Controlling the workers in every way,
And they grew greedier day by day;
'Til they thought of a little scheme was good—
They raised the prices of all the food,
So that the workers with pay they got
Couldn't pay for the goods they bought;
Couldn't pay for the bread and meat
That they and their families needed to eat;
Though they worked long hours and longer yet,
There were things they needed and couldn't get;
But the capitalist class had many things—
Motor cars and diamond rings—
Yet all these riches, wherever found,
Were dug by the workers from the ground,
Were stolen from them by this thieving band—
Such was the law in all the land.

Now, of all the bosses that e'er were cursed,
Roy the Wolf was called the worst,
He was the leading parasite
That fed on the workers day and night;
Greedy, growling wolf for more,
He stole the bread from the worker's door,
Grew fat on starving children's cries
And filled the papers with foolish lies—
That his company couldn't afford to pay—
Yet he got three hundred dollars a day
For doing nothing but looking wise,
Starving kids and telling lies;
Thus he promoted the capitalist game
'Til babies were taught to curse his name,
And Roy the Wolf and his thieving band
Spread distress throughout the land.

But Jim O'Coughlin and other men
Saw that something must be done,
And they started one of the many fights
For labor's cause and labor's rights,
And they called on Roy the Wolf to give
More of the gold that they might live,
More of the gold they had to pay
To meet the prices from day to day;
And they got a little more gold for the men,
But then the prices went up again,
'Til the workers began to blame the laws
That acted always against their cause;
And they blamed the men at Ottawa
Who were sent up there to fix the law.
They organized and made a fight
Against the members, Farrell and Hyte,
And the very men they used to cheer
Were greeted now with a hiss and a jeer.
And they thought that maybe to change the law
They would send O'Coughlin to Ottawa;
And thus when another election came,
The working men got into the game.
O'Coughlin was fighting and running strong,
And but for a cowardly, cruel wrong,
When somebody told a lot of lies
To fool the workers and blind their eyes.
There used to be men, and there are still,
Who never had brains and who never will;
So believing these lies, the working men
Voted for Farrell and Hyte again—
Electing the men who made the laws
That acted always against their cause;
And O'Coughlin lost when they counted the vote,

And capital still was at labor's throat.

But brave O'Coughlin was not dismayed,
He knew the game and how 'twas played,
Never yellow and never sore,
When they had him down he fought the more;
Struggling always for labor's cause,
Fighting against the rich man's laws,
Exposing the capitalist parasite
That fed on the workers day and night;
And he told the workers, man to man,
That Roy the Wolf and all his clan
Were a lot of idle, thieving knaves
Who held the workers the same as slaves,
That even Negro slaves of old,
Who were peddled round and bought and sold,
Who were never given any pay,
Were better off than the men today.
The cruelest driver of workers knows
That slaves must have shelter, food and clothes—
Yes, and they used to get them. Why?
If they didn't eat, the slaves would die;
And as Negro slaves belonged to the boss,
Of course their death was a serious loss.

It's the same with a man who owns a horse—
He gives him food to eat, of course,
If he wants him to breed and haul and drive,
He has to keep the horse alive.
But the capitalists have a cheaper plan
In their scheme of things with the working man,
He does not really belong to the boss,
So if he starves he is no real loss,
Or if he's killed while digging the ground

Another slave is easily found;
To recruit new workers from every nation
They encourage a thing called "IMMIGRATION".

All this O'Coughlin told the men,
And the battle was renewed again;
Bravely still the workers fought,
Fighting for every crust they got;
Prices went up from day to day,
Still the bosses wanted to cut the pay.
A strike was pulled by working men,
And brave O'Coughlin fought for them;
He pulled the cleverest trick of the age,
The bosses called it "SABOTAGE".
Biggest and last of labor's trumps,
It took the workers off the pumps,
It drew the timber-men from the mine,
And all who worked in every line.
Now, where these tactics are employed,
Of course the mine will be destroyed,
The master class will lose their hold,
The capitalists will lose their gold.

Then Roy the Wolf began to weep,
His tears fell fast, his groans were deep—
"I don't care what you do to me,
But, oh! protect my property!"
All this was music sweet to Jim,
O'Coughlin only laughed at him;
Says he, "It's no affair of mine,
Go ahead and save your mine;
You never saved a worker's child,
In your damn mine good men have died,
Good men were crippled—yes, for life,

So that your children and your wife
Might live in comfort, ease and health,
Enjoy the luxuries of wealth.
Your children pass their time in schools
Learning new tricks to trap the fools;
Some day they will help to make the laws,
New rules to cripple labor's cause;
Labor must nurse this parasite,
Her future enemy in the fight.

"Listen, Wolf, when I was nine,
I trapped a door down in a mine,
I never knew a childish joy,
A slave while still a little boy.
They took me and my humble friends
And picked our bones for dividends.
Why should I save your property?
I tell you it don't interest me.

"Go, wake your boy, your pride and hope,
And lead him to yon lonely slope,
Some morning chill, ere dawn appears,
And laugh away his childish fears;
Tell him to guard yon trap-door well,
Then chase him down, half way to hell,
Leave him on some dark headway,
To cry his eyes out half the day,
Let him hear the pillars groan
As he crouches there alone,
'Til some passing miner's light
Half relieves his childish fright.
Feeble light soon disappears,
With the dark return his fears;
Leave him there for seven hours,

Treat your child the same as ours;
Leave him weary, cold, half-fed—
Do you wonder we see red?
If you want to save your mine,
Here is a paper you must sign;
Sign this contract for to give
Wages that will let us live,
Food and clothing, shelter too,
And we work our best for you.
You may keep your ill-got gains—
Labor now is used to chains.
While your family sports around,
We will toil beneath the ground;
But, failing this, now hear me well,
You and your mine can go to hell!"

But, children, perhaps I weary you—
A little more and I'll be through.
I know it's hard to understand
How evil men owned all the land.
How did they get it all? you say—
The government gave it away;
You see, the men who made the laws,
Were friendly to the capitalist cause;
They were all college chums, you see,
And owned stock in the company.
They raised an awful howl then
About O'Coughlin and his men—
Called them traitors and everything,
Said they plotted against the King;
And they even had the unlimited gall
To say the mines were not theirs at all—
It served their purpose then, you see,
To call them the people's property;

Yet while men toiled in peaceful times,
Roy the Wolf owned all mines.
Oh, they were a precious pack of knaves
Who held the workers the same as slaves.

Yes, Roy the Wolf had many friends
To do his bidding and serve his ends—
Judges, lawyers and politicians
Favored him always with decisions—
You see they belonged to the lazy breed
Who never work but who always feed—
And many of them had stock, you see,
With Roy the Wolf and company.
So they gathered up a lot of bums,
Crooks and drifters from the slums,
Dressed them pretty and soldier-like,
And sent them down to break the strike;
Called them police—oh, it was shame—
A stain on any government's name.
For one Sunday night in a certain town
This mob beat people and rode them down—
Helpless people who all unarmed
Thought they might walk the streets unharmed.
Oh, it was a shame that a peaceful land
Should be given over to such a band.

What occurred on the city street that night
Spelled defeat for Farrell and Hyte,
Though they made excuses and often ran,
They got no more votes from the working man.
Now, O'Coughlin wanted everyone
To know what these mongrel police had done,
So he sent a letter around the land
Warning the workers on every hand

To beware of Harmstrong's evil band.
This Harmstrong was the governor stern,
And he had a henchman named O'Kern,
And they had a crony who was a judge,
And they held in common a kind of grudge
Against O'Coughlin, and they said
He was an agitating Red;
All the trouble was caused by him,
So they framed a plot to get poor Jim.

O'Kern sought many a mouldy book,
Scanning the law with saintly look—
Read through all the ancient pages,
Records of the darker ages;
Records that were quite revealing
(They used to hang a man for stealing)
And farther back than that he saw
To tell the truth was 'gainst the law,
And so a warrant was sworn and given
For Jim O'Coughlin, dead or living;
He was arrested and lodged in jail,
The crony judge refused him bail.
Now, would you think that could be done
Anywhere beneath the sun?
It's truth I tell, it happened so,
And not so very long ago.
The papers all had held a piece,
How men were beaten by the police;
Every father, mother, brother,
Had told the story to each other.
Yes, everywhere about the street,
Any man that you would meet,
Would tell the truth—could not be hid—

An awful thing those policemen did;
Story was told, re-told, attested,
But O'Coughlin only was arrested;
Yes, he and just one other man
Whom the workers called "Red Dan".
But soon O'Kern let Dan go,
Which only served to better show
How all the tyrants' hate was sped
At noble Jim O'Coughlin's head.

Much of the trial I need not tell—
'Twill be reviewed some day in hell;
O'Coughlin sat with lofty scorn
And heard his enemy, O'Kern,
Repeat the joke of all the time—
To tell the truth was foul crime.
Truth divine to justice cause
Must be enslaved to capitalist laws.
Yes, "It's a fact," O'Kern said,
Or from some foolish paper read,
How in some cases that he saw,
To tell the truth was 'gainst the law.
I've heard a witness for Jim,
When he was being sworn in,
Asked the judge what he should do,
For if he told him what was true,
If he told them what he saw,
Perhaps it would be against the law.
Some truths it seemed that he might tell,
But others must be hidden well.
The information that he sought
Was what to tell and what to not.

No, of the trial I will not tell—

It has a most unpleasant smell;
Too often evil will prevail—
They sent O'Coughlin back to jail.
They could as easily shot or strung him—
The wonder is they never hung him.
Children, I'm old, but in my time,
I've never heard of such a crime.

The day that Jim O'Coughlin fell
The workers should have tolled a bell,
Well might they weep, ah, bitter tears,
Their cause went back a hundred years.
Ah! starving, patient, helpless men,
You'll never find his like again.
Bend, Labor, bend; pick up your cross;
Bend, break and bleed to feed the Boss;
Bend, break and bleed? Ah, damn it, NO!
Fight on, fight on; let's go, LET'S GO!

(All characters named in the above story are purely fictitious. Any similarity in names or places is merely coincidental. Oh yeah!)

TO FOREMAN WAYE

(During these years of struggle the writer was much impressed by the efforts of Foreman Waye, labor champion in the House of Assembly.)

Let old Cape Breton stand today
And cheer her champion, Foreman Waye,
Who bravely stood, hemmed in by foes,
Who all undaunted nobly rose
And hurled his challenge, hissing hot,
And for two hours steady fought,
Who voiced the ringing charge we sent
Against a rotten government.

God bless your red head, Foreman Waye,
You spoke your piece, you had your say;
I doubt if I could do as well,
You told them just what I would tell.
If you ever need a vote or two,
Waye, I'll stump the mines for you.
Lord, I'm a happy child today--
You took their trenches, Foreman Waye.

Honest, Bell, What Did Bruce Say?

About May 1, 1923, Malcolm Bruce, a Labor champion from Toronto, was invited to Glace Bay, to address the miners in the Cape Breton area. In the course of his remarks Bruce was reported to have made some disrespectful reference to the British flag. It was peculiar, however, that these alleged remarks were noticed only by the representatives of the capitalist press. The Labor forces were prepared with hundreds of affidavits to prove that he had made no such remark. However, a capitalist government, acting in sympathy with a capitalist press, issued a warrant for Bruce's arrest, and he wa referred to as a "fugitive from justice". The local police failing to locate him, the provincial police were called in, and they made a ridiculous raid one night at the homes of Glace Bay citizens. At the home of Jim McLachlan they found a book on socialism, communism, or some such subject, and a great fuss was made over this. The fact is that they could have found the same book in the public library of any large town or city.

The incident attracted much attention about Glace Bay, and there was much discussion about Bruce's address and what he really did say. People who were in the audience were appealed to, and the burning question was: Just what remark did Bruce make? During the heat of the discussion this writer appealed to his friend, Tom Bell, editor of the Maritime Labor Herald, in this manner:

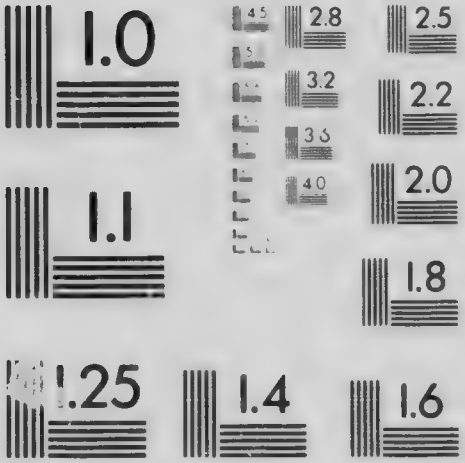
Honest, Bell, what did Bruce say
On that memorable day?
When in accents bold and loud
He addressed that "vulgar crowd"
Whom a clergyman of worth
Calls the scum of all the earth.
Why was this here action brought?
Did he say them things or not?
If he did, he ought to pay—
Them was awful things to say.
You was there and sitting near,
Tell me, Tom, what did you hear?
I ask ya like an honest Red,
What was it Bruce really said?

He must have used some awful words,
'Cause a lot of men with swords
Came from over Sydney way,
Marching down upon the Bay;
One had bright braid on his collar—
That guy owes me half a dollar
That I gave to buy him rum—
Lord! he used to be a bum!
Before he joined this policeman crew,
Nothing cheap he would not do.
But now—would you think the crown
Would send such men to hunt him down?
Of course I know Bruce is a Red—
I wonder what he really said?

Yes, these soldiers brave that day
Marched right out toward the Bay,
Came to Jim McLachlan's door.
Looked the whole place o'er and o'er,

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



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And before the search was over,
Found a book with a red cover.
Ha! Here's evidence enough,
This here looks like dangerous stuff.
The captain hissed in someone's ear,
"Methinks that Malcolm Bruce is near."
So they hunted round some more,
'Neath the beds and 'hind the door;
Lord! They're sore on that poor Red—
I wonder what Bruce really said?

They tell me, Tom, they called on you,
Honest, Bell, now is that true?
'Twas after Bruce that they were sent,
But did you miss much when they went?
You're a sly one they do say,
And had your moonshine hid away.
I wouldn't trust that outfit much,
They would cut your throat for hooch—
Mostly all a bunch of bums
Armstrong picked up round the slums;
And I've heard some talk about
How Sydney wants to clean them out.
A good idea, Tom, I would say,
Send them some pay-night to the Bay.

THE HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE OF RED MALCOLM BRUCE

(Very thrilling)

The charge was on a certain day
Somewhere 'round the first of May,
One Malcolm Bruce, a dangerous Red,
"Riz up", and someone said he said
As how he hoped to see the day
When the red flag would lead the way,
Proclaiming with its every wave
Emancipation of the slave.
Now, some there were about the hall
Who did not like that talk at all;
And who they were you well may guess—
Reporters for the highbrow press—
Men of the so-called better classes
Who hold themselves above the masses,
And who, like tattle-tales at school,
Are godly as the golden rule.
So these good men indignantly
Reported to the powers that be,
And word was sent throughout creation
To watch at every railway station,
"Inform all police," the powers said,
We got to get this dangerous Red
Who openly defies the laws
And dares to help the workers' cause."

But, strange, this man so hunted down,
Was hanging 'round about the town
From Thursday night 'til some time Monday,
Cool as any walnut sundae;

Nor did he hurry to depart,
Methinks some cops are "red" at heart
And generously could find excuse
To walk away from Malcolm Bruce.
So Bruce departed from the Bay,
Just spoke his piece and went away.
When we heard of him again
He was on a west-bound train.
Later, home, amidst applause,
He was fighting labor's cause,
While papers raved and raised the deuce,
'Twas thus away fled Malcolm Bruce.
To prove he didn't run away,
He's back again now at the Bay—
Walks right into our A. B.—
"Were you looking round for me?
By happy chance it reached my ear
That I was being sought for here;
And, keen respecter of the laws,
I hurried back to learn the cause."

Tell My Friend the Prison Warden I Hadn't Time to Call

(Sung by Malcolm Bruce)

Bruce's trial, or hearing, was almost laughable. The representatives of the capitalist press, summoned to substantiate their previous reports, now presented a pitiful sight. They labored to shift responsibility from one to another, and their evidence consisted of a mess of "I heard that he heard", and "He heard that I heard", until the magistrate threw up his hands and the next day dismissed the case altogether. It was a great victory for Bruce, and representing the labor press at the hearing, we reported the case in this manner:

Dear Bell: I will not ask for space
To cover such a feeble case,
Nor should I take the readers' time
To bore them with my roughneck rhyme;
A few good laughs and I am done—
Oh, Tom, me boy, ain't we got fun?
You tell them all about the law,
Leave me alone to laugh haw-haw.
Six men from different parts of town,
All summoned, mind you, by the crown,
Stood up, and each one swore in turn
As how he hoped some day to burn,
If on that Sunday in the hall
He heard Bruce say "them things" at all.
I marked the smile on every face—
The crown was building quite a case?

One witness don't remember where
He really was—but he was there—
Could not remember every word,
But someone said he overheard
That someone said he knew a man—
'Twas thus the story wildly ran
Till we were dizzy in the head
From "someone said that someone said."
I'll tell you, Tom, what someone said—
"We've got to get this dangerous Red;
Everything is working nice—
Cut him down at any price.
Besco has too much at stake—
Horrors! if the slaves awake!
Make some pretext, find some excuse—
We got to silence Malcolm Bruce."

But, *bon voyage*, Malcolm, on your way,
We hope you come another day,
And Malcolm, if you come again,
We won't invite you to the pen,
Or take such rare exceeding pains
To wrap you up in prison chains;
When next you speak it well might be
On eastern hospitality.
Alas, alas, our island fame—
I weep o'er old Cape Breton's shame.

HEY, JIM AND DAN

The year 1923 was a stormy one for labor and labor's champions. Hardly was the Bruce incident closed when the steel strike came on, followed quickly by the sympathetic strike of the miners. The Cape Breton industrial centers were overrun by soldiers, provincial police and other invaders, which greatly aggravated the condition. I make the statement here, and will undertake to prove it, that these provincial police did assault innocent people who were not strikers, and as my statement is probably not sufficient, I refer the reader to the findings of the Royal Commission that sat in the city of Sydney. A railway employee, who was not a striker, testified under oath before that commission to having been beaten or assaulted by these so-called police. Yet when Jim McLachlan and Dan Livingston published these facts, they were arrested for what was at first called "spreading false news." The same news was spread by everybody—the press of the province featured it. It was chiefly through the medium of the press that the information became general. If one citizen was guilty, all citizens were guilty. Yet, of the thousands that discussed the incident, only two were arrested, Dan Livingston and Jim McLachlan, and only one was tried and put in prison—Jim McLachlan. The ridiculous charge of "spreading false news" was inspiring. How can anyone guarantee the absolute accuracy of news? We depend largely on the press. How do we know that there was an earthquake in Japan? How do we know old King Tut is dead? Spreading false news? We may be guilty of it every day. But it happened in this case that the news was not false.

Hey, Jim and Dan, we are coming too,
For spreading news the same as you;
We talked about these holy ones
And how they hid behind their guns;
Yes, right up in the grocery store
We talked the matter o'er and o'er,
One fellow told us what he saw,
But I suppose he broke the law.

Say, Jim, you know the widow Hughes
And how she loves a bit of news—
It will take more laws I fear than one
To ever stop the widow's tongue.
The same as me, the same as you,
She can't swear anything is true,
But, true or false, she will have the news—
Make room up there for widow Hughes.

Let's make the company refined—
It happens we recall to mind
That it was in the highbrow press
We read of all this dirty mess;
When Armstrong sent his hoboes down
To take possession of the town;
So if there's room up there for more,
We will send you up an editor.

What d'ya think, hey? Jim and Dan,
The boys are with you to a man,
And from their talk, Jim, I can tell
That everyone is red as hell.
Inform O'Hearn that Sunday morn
At least ten thousand reds were born,
And if he don't decide to free ya,
Maybe we'll be up to see ya.

AWAY, FALSE TEACHINGS OF MY YOUTH

At the McLachlan trial in Halifax, the crown prosecutor said that it did not matter whether the statements published by the accused were true or not, that sometimes it was against the law to tell the truth. Right there perished all hope of justice. How are we to know which truths are against the law? A conscientious witness might well hesitate to tell the truth. *Some truths are against the law.* What truths? With truth goes justice, and the hope of justice. The oath is: "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" How can one tell the whole truth when some truths are against the law? Search me!

"Speak the truth and speak it ever; cost it what it will."— *Extract from elementary schoolbook.*

Away, false teachings of my youth,
It's now a crime to speak the truth;
This man of law has so decreed
That it's a base and foul deed
Well meriting the dungeon cell
For anyone to boldly tell.
Yes it's a crime for me or you
To state a thing we know is true.

Thank God, I'm getting old and grey,
I'd hoped to never see the day
This tortured world would recognize
This modern champion of lies.
What would our poor old mothers say?

Which one of us forgets the day
She urged upon our tender youth
To love, uphold and speak the truth?

The quality of guilt depends–
Now, truth about the rich man's friends,
Or any of the tribe that rules,
Or even truth about their tools–
A bold exposure of their acts,
A fearless statement of the facts,
May summon up a gallows grim
Or hang the prison chains on him.

So, let us warn the nation's youth
That it's a crime to speak the truth;
They made the law to fit the case,
To lead McLachlan to disgrace.
So crucify him on a cross
Because he dared to sass the Boss,
Because he had the guts to tell
The company to go to hell.

TOAST TO THE ARMED FORCES

For more than twenty centuries
  Have working people fought,
It's only fair to question now
  What they ever got?
They got a lousy blanket
  And a trifle perhaps of pay,
And some fool remarks about "glory"
  When their limbs were shot away.

They got shell-shock and blindness
  And a belly full of gas,
And some silly bits of ribbon
  And some medals made of brass.
And when a blessed peace returned,
  Each one was made a slave;
They fought for land and got it—
  Yes—six feet for a grave.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST"

I was never very proud, indeed I was somewhat ashamed, of the following rhyme which was written while I was in flight from the starving sections of the extreme eastern part of industrial Canada in the year 1925. In justice to myself I might state, however, that this farewell was written under certain handicaps while I had to keep one jump ahead of the conductor on the night train out of Sydney. However, when that official finally caught up with me, he proved to be a good fellow who knew me. He shared the contents of his lunch can with me and let me ride free to the end of his run.

* * * *

The winter winds are bleak and drear,
Methinks I better move from here;
Fly, fly, Old Timer, fly away
Before that dark December day
When gloom descends upon the town
And when the mines are all shut down,
When idle workers walk the street—

Up, up, Old Timer, work your feet.
Hark ye the hungry people's cries,
The birds have left (and birds are wise)
Were naught but wisdom now methinks
To leave the ship before she sinks.

What comes? This shadow o'er my mind
For those I love and leave behind,
But some there are I cannot like—
I hopes you perish, Ike McIke.
I don't forget our little clash,
I hopes the "pluck-me" stops your hash;
Beware the evil eye of me—
I'll have revenge, you wait and see.

I know not whether north or south
Or east or west I'll roam,
But this I know, the night is dark
And I am far from home;
And creditors, dear creditors,
Don't think I mean you wrong,
If you wake up some morning
And find that I am gone.
Yes, I know that you are short
Just the same as I,
But I'll pay you, yes, I'll pay you
In the sweet by and by.

Pluck-Me—General store operated by the workers' employers.

Ike McIke—Contemporary writer in the local press.

CAPE BRETON'S CURSE, ADIEU, ADIEU

During the strike in the Nova Scotia coalfields, a high official of the company stated that the strike would not last long because, as he expressed it, "The miners couldn't stand the gaff." This was a slur that caused much comment. This man and his associates owned the company stores, or "Pluck-Me's", and the remark was obviously a threat to starve the miners into submission. Some time later it was announced in the press that the big coal corporation was in the receiver's hands, but this was probably a manoeuver to freeze out some shareholders or attract new capital. The process was called "re-organization", and the same outfit bloomed again under another name. However, anything that suggested embarrassment for the big-shots was welcome news to this old radical, who rushed to his typewriter and, without ever lifting his nose, tore off the following lines, which he offers as real classical.

The Bosses couldn't stand the gaff—
Oh, let me write their epitaph!
Let's see, now—how should I begin?
Here lies a monster, born of sin,
Of sin, corruption, fraud, and worse—
Adieu, adieu, Cape Breton's curse.

Since that black day when first your hand
Grasped in its evil clutch our land,
Like some fat leech you played your part
To suck the life-blood from our heart,

Bred famine, riot, murder too—
Cape Breton's curse, adieu, adieu.

'Twas no avenger laid you low,
Your end was painful, sure and slow;
Ah, filthy monster, now confess,
You died of your own rottenness.
May Satan's imps attend your hearse—
Adieu, adieu, Cape Breton's curse.

NO HONEST DOG WOULD BITE THE HAND THAT FED IT

During the period of my various wanderings over the continent, I was in the habit of straying occasionally back to my home town to visit my dear old mother. Mother had a friend, a certain Mrs. G., and I would often find this lady at our house on my return home. This guest of mother's would invariably ask me from which direction I had come, the east or west, and she seemed very interested to learn if I had been in Cape Breton recently, and how the coal mines and steel plant were working. She was always very bitter against the miners and steel workers of Cape Breton, and complained that they were always fighting and striking. "Why could they not keep working?" she wondered.

Now, considering the lady a foeman unworthy of my steel, I usually ignored her remarks, but one day, out of curiosity, I asked mother, "What makes your friend Mrs. G. so bitter against my friends in Cape Breton?" Mother smiled and replied, "I think

she owns some stock in those companies that operate down there. When Mr. G. died, he had considerable insurance and probably a little cash. Mrs. G. invested this in coal and steel stock, and the income from this is what she lives upon—besides, she keeps her son Freddy in college. I heard her remark recently that she feared she would have to sell some of her stock."

Here was a lady who expected the miners and steel workers to support her and keep her son in college. She did not want to spend a cent of her money or sacrifice any of her precious stock, but wanted the miners to support her and keep her son in college during a period when God only knows how these same workers were getting enough for themselves and their families to eat. At this time the lady was not beyond the years when it would be possible for her to find employment. At any rate, if she felt she could not work, she certainly could fly around and talk enough, and instead of being kindly and sympathetic to the workers, who in normal times were supporting her, she was impatient over any pause in their activities.

Simon Legree, the brutal Southern planter, used to lash the backs of his negro slaves to force them to pick more and more cotton, and this lady of more modern times would lash the backs of her white slaves so that they might dig faster, faster, faster, producing more and more for her profit, profit, profit.

SAID MR STANLEY BALDWIN TO MR. JOHNYSON HICKS

During the British coal strike, the Russian government sent several hundred thousand dollars to England for the relief of the families of the starving miners. Promptly the Baldwin government sent a note to Russia warning them to cease sending such relief to England, declaring that they considered such interference "an unfriendly act". The British prime minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and the Home Secretary, Mr. Johnyson Hicks, had secured from Sir John Simon, legal light of the cabinet, who was suppoosed to be an authority on international affairs, but who was like Hicks and Baldwin, a capitalist slave, such an opinion that "relief from Russian workers to British workers was an unfriendly act". Right here was the attitude of the British Government exposed. They would not or could not feed their own countrymen, and they objected to any other agency doing so. Obviously they were the tools of the coal operators and were determined to starve the British miners into submission.

Oh, Jimmy dear, and did you hear
Of Russia's latest crime?
That blood-drenched bolsheviki,
They are feeding kids this time–
The starving babes of Britain
And the babies' mothers too–
Isn't that the oddest thing
For such a murderous crew?
Across the seas, their hearts and gold

Reach to their working brothers,
The starving British miners
Deserted by all others.

Said Mr. Stanley Baldwin
To Mr. Johnyson Hicks,
"We will have to send a letter
To those bloody bolsheviks;
A diplomatic letter,
And make them understand
They must stop this flow of money
Into our Christian land.
For good Sir John Simon
Has found it is a fact
That to feed our starving people
Is a most unfriendly act.

"Sir John is a jewel,
A jewel of the Crown,
For holding up the bosses
And holding workers down.
'Twas he who nipped the General Strike,
Nipped it on the wing—
He told the weakling Thomas
'Twas a most illegal thing.
Thomas and his yellow gang
Did a right-about,
But you can't stampede a miner—
You've got to starve him out."

Said Johnyson Hicks to Baldwin,
"'Hah, really, don'tcha know,
It strikes me, my dear Stanley,
We must go a little slow;

For if those beasts of Russians
Should—ah, maybe call our bluff,
It's deuced awkward, really,
But have we support enough?
Wil the beastly rawble rawlly,
When we give the flag a wave,
Will they fly to arms for us
As becomes a working slave?

"Will they bite the hand that fed them,
And lick the hand that starved?
Would they destroy the golden loaf
From which their bread is carved?
Would these workers fight for Bosses?
Could they be forced or led
Against another nation
Because it gave them bread?
In 1914? Yes, I know
They were different men,
But, don'tcha know, I really fear
They learned a lot since then."

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, JIM

I have always insisted that there was nothing smart or clever in writing a rhyme or expressing one's thoughts in verse. Some people have referred to this action as a gift, but I have always regarded it as an affliction. Certain it is that when I get the itch to write in this manner I may as well submit to the urge at once as try to avoid the effort. Lines, lines, lines

will come pouring into your head, and your fingers will begin itching to get hold of a pencil, while the devil or some of his imps will keep hissing in your ear, "That's a good line, and this, and this, and this." No mental effort is required, the only effort is physical, to get the stuff down on paper as it comes clicking into your head from the devil knows where. It is useless to try and change the line of thought by occupying your mind otherwise – while the stuff keeps pouring in, your brain will entertain nothing else. As far as mental effort or planning goes, I may say that stories and bits of verse credited to me were not written or composed by me at all—they were hissed into my head by the fairies or some other invisible agents.

Jim McLachlan spent Christmas of 1925 in prison, and I spent Christmas night of that year in a flop-house in another part of the country. Because accomodations were so poor, and perhaps because I had no supper, I could not sleep, and while I was in this uncomfortable position the fairies attacked me: "Merry Christmas to you, Jim; Merry Christmas to you, Jim; In your prison dungeon dim; In your prison dungeon dim," came pouring into my head as clearly as if someone was speaking in the room. I realized from past experience that I had to do my stuff, but I was handicapped. There was no electric or gas light in the room and only an old fashioned lamp was available. I found a match and pencil, but did not have a scrap of paper. "Write it on the wall, write it on the wall," commanded the fairies, pausing in their other dictation. That's what I did—wrote

the following lines on the smooth board unpainted wall of the flophouse. The lines are probably there still, if the flop-house is.

* * * *

Merry Christmas to you, Jim,
In your prison dungeon dim;
What although the bars are cold,
They have sheltered hearts of gold,
Fit companions they for you—
Steel is strong and steel is true.
Ah, better, yes, with you to stand
Than humbly lick a tyrant's hand,
Like slaves and traitors to the cause
Who pawn their souls for men's applause;
The steel were truer friend than him—
Merry Christmas to you, Jim.

The meanest, vilest dungeon hole
Can never stain an honest soul,
And prison stripes can't dim your star,
It's not where you are, but what you are.
Persecute you all they can,
But, Jim McLachlan, you're a man,
And by the God whom I adore,
I'd rather pace a prison floor
And sleep in dungeons dark and cold
Than sell my soul for Besco's gold;
His masters must be proud of him—
Merry Christmas to you, Jim.

The mines are as they have ever been,
Kids are starving round Sixteen—
Ah, but blessed are the meek,

Blessed with two shifts a week.
Paper buncombe is the same,
But now they don't know who to blame.
Before you went and broke the laws,
Jim McLachlan was the cause
Of all the sin, distress and crime
That might occur in modern time,
But now they can't blame it on him—
Merry Christmas to you, Jim.

Haw! Haw! Blimey, Strike Me Pink, But That's a Good One, Mrs. Snowden!

At the very moment that this is being written, an English woman, Mrs. Philip Snowden, is in the city of Halifax, lecturing on Russia, and according to our newspapers, her audience is astounded to learn that there is much business depression and lack of employment in that most unhappy land. But why does Mrs. Snowden choose Russia particularly for the subject of her lecture? Is there not far greater distress and much more unemployment in her own England? Recall that it was Russia that had to send relief to England, and not England that sent it to Russia. Tomorrow morning, if Mrs. Snowden will stroll down Water Street, she will find much evidence of distress and unemployment in Halifax. It is announced that she goes from Halifax to Toronto. Well, she will find seventy thousand unemployed right in that city. Why go so far afield for the subject of your lecture, Mrs. Snowden?

JEWELS AND THEIR SOURCE

Some time ago I noticed in an illustrated newspaper a picture of a poor foolish woman who was so loaded down with jewels that she appeared to be actually stooped from her burden, making it labor for her to walk. Ropes of pearls hung from her neck, her head-dress and bodice were loaded with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones, jewelled rings hung from her ears, and one could not be sure, from her picture, whether or not she had a jewelled ring in her nose.

A news item accompanying the picture explained that this strange creature was the Duchess of Something on her way to the opening of the Court of St. James, and the item went on to explain that it was to be a most brilliant season in London and that the Court was to be more patronized than ever before. The dress uniforms and decorations of the various eligible gentlemen were described, as were also the gowns of the ladies, and to give an idea of the general grandeur, the picture of the duchess referred to was introduced.

Now, I ask, did this cartload of jewels make this poor woman one bit more worthy? Did it change one quality in her? Would she not have earned a reputation for better sense if she had proceeded to the Court plainly and decently clad, instead of draping herself like some heathen idol in the reign of old King Tut? Then recall, please, that at the very moment that all this wealth was being displayed to advertise, in a cheap way, one person—men, women and children were hungry in that same city of London—

babies were wasting away for the want of a little milk and medical attention. The writer is not a revolutionist—no. I would not cut the head off that poor simple duchess. I pity her; I am convinced that being born in that environment, she knows no better. But I warn her and her kind that waving great wealth and luxury in the face of a starving, destitute humanity is a very dangerous practice.

Let us stop to enquire, for a moment, the source of this wealth. Each pearl on those ropes of pearls was fished from, perhaps, the Indian Ocean, by some negro diver—some negro diver, whose only reward was a plate of rice two or three times a day; some negro diver who frequently returned to the surface with blood streaming from his eyes, ears and nose; some negro diver, who returned to the surface clutching the precious oyster, which perhaps contained one of those precious pearls which later adorned the person of the Duchess of Something; some negro diver, who returned to the surface clutching the precious oyster, only to have it torn from his grasp by some greedy overseer who served his master, the even more greedy capitalist. Just one of those precious little stones would be sufficient to maintain the diver for life—would be sufficient to keep him in rice or other simple fare. If he had justice, he need only dive once, or until he had secured one pearl. But no, the arrangement is such that the capitalists own the very ocean where he dives, the capitalists own the simple food he eats, the capitalists own him, and he must continue to dive industriously, in order to bring up treasures from the shark-infested waters for the master, who would not have the courage or skill to dive for

those treasures himself, with which he decorates his duchess or some other female parasite who is too lazy or incompetent to button her own gown.

The American Indian, sometimes styled the "noble Red Man", used to go forth and win the trophies with which he sought favor in the eyes of his lady. He killed the grizzly bear with arrow or hunting knife, he secured the claws of the eagle and the teeth of the mountain lion by his own efforts, and making ornaments of these, he laid them at the feet of his lady love. But the degenerate aristocrat of today, lacking courage or enterprise to secure fitting gifts for his lady, has devised a method of stealing these products from their original owner—and the true owner of any product is the one who creates it or secures it by diligent search. Now some pin-head will say, "Oh, the pearls were bought—the diver got his pay." Yes, yes, oh yes—he got a few pounds of food in exchange for a few pounds of jewels—what he gave being about one million times more valuable in the markets of the world than what he received.

But to return to the duchess. Her decorations do not consist simply of pearls. See, she has rubies, emeralds, opals, and many other stones that come, perhaps, from India or South America, and their history is the same—they were secured by the sweat of labor. Neither the duchess or my lord the duke ventured aught or worked one day to secure them. And the diamonds, my lady, how beautifully they sparkle, they shine, they change color. See, see, they are white, green, blue, red. My God woman, there is blood upon them—dripping, red blood! Do you know the history of that stone on your bosom? It comes from

the diamond mines of South Africa. Ten men lost their lives to secure that stone for you—ten men were driven into danger by a brutal, greedy overseer—and ten men lost their lives before that bauble was secured. And yet you call it yours. Do you really think it is yours? I have heard legends of the famous Hope Diamond and other precious stones, and there is little wonder that these stories are credited in certain quarters, for as surely as there is a God above, unless the men who secured that stone received fair and adequate compensation, and unless the dependents of the men killed were recompensed as far as possible, then, woman, that stone is just as much stolen property as if you cut the throat of some rich ' 'n-broker and tore it from his dying clutch.

Lest the above be misunderstood, let me say in conclusion that I do not condemn everybody who may display a jewel from time to time. I do not condemn the industrious, sincere young man who saves his money and buys an enagement ring as a pledge to his lady love. I do not condemn a bachelor who may buy a jewel as an investment or nest-egg. For regardless of how the stone was secured originally, the fact that he worked, saved his money, and paid for the jewel, renders him guiltless. But when I see a duchess or other individual, of whom it can be proven that she never worked a day in her life, loaded down with pounds of treasure, and when it can be further proven that my lord the Duke never worked, or the duke's father or grandfather, then there is only one answer—those jewels are not, and never can be their property until they pay for them by worthy individual effort.

FLAGS ARE PIECES OF CLOTH

Flags are pieces of cloth. Flags are usually dyed some bright, more or less attractive colors. Some flags present certain bars and crosses, some have stars, stripes, circles, crescents, harps, dragons, orange bodies, green bodies, red bodies—and even the sinister skull and cross-bones of the notorious black flag or Jolly Roger.

In certain ways flags are useful and harmless enough. Flags on the stern of a ship are useful to tell what port that ship hails from, or on public buildings they are useful to identify the City Hall or Post Office. It is only indeed when people begin to attach a sentimental interest to flags that they become harmful and a great agency of evil. Thousands of men and women have lost their lives as a result of this sentimental interest which they allowed to become exaggerated into a kind of hysterical mania. Buckets of blood have been spilled in defense of the green flag and the orange flag, and for what those flags were supposed to represent. Rich men and capitalists with property to protect in certain foreign lands, have very cleverly arranged to drape some of these flags over such property. Often, indeed usually, the property referred to was stolen by the rich men from the natives of the country where the property is located. In an effort to recover this plunder that was stolen from them, the natives attempt to seize it forcibly, and in the process the flag that has been draped over it is pulled down.

It is then that the rich men and capitalists take advantage of the sentimental nonsense that has been

taught in the public schools about the flag. They publish in the newspapers of the country—which they either own or bribe—that the flag, the piece of cloth which we love, has been outraged and insulted. This arouses us to indignant frenzy, and encouraged by the capitalists, we march or sail away to the foreign land to steal back the property that has been recovered by the natives or real owners. The wise capitalist is not the least bit interested in the piece of cloth that was pulled down, but he is interested in recovering his plunder, so he gets us to march or sail away, to suffer and die in the effort of recovering his property—all the time assuring us that what we are really doing is avenging an insult to the piece of cloth. Smooth work, eh, what?

But of course you say, "It is not the flag itself, it is what the flag represents—the beautiful principles of right and justice that the flag stands for and upholds." I answer that what the flag stands for depends entirely on who is standing under it, or who controls it. The king, the capitalist, the dictator are left to interpret what it stands for, and they make it interpret what is to their own interests. The insignia of ancient Rome stood for slavery and oppression; the flag of Spain, in its day of power, stood for plunder; the flag of the Catholic party stood for the murder and extermination of all Protestants and heretics; the orange flag of the Protestant party stood for the burning and murdering of Catholics. As one may not be permitted to speak the truth of the flag of the country in which one happens to live, I ask you just to pick up the authentic history of that country, and decide for yourself in just how many cases that flag stood for

right, justice and high ideals. You will find that when the country happened to be for the time weak, it was ever whining about oppression and injustice, but in the day that it happened to be strong, it was practicing that same oppression and injustice, and calling the process "progress".

No, one may not tell the truth about some flags, but just now there is one flag that it is fashionable to discuss. Ho, there! Hold that blood-red banner high, and let us examine it. We have the advantage of being one who is supposed to be more or less familiar with it. We have had the experience of marching under that blood-red banner, and when we thus marched we had all the beautiful dreams and high ideals of the modern schoolboy, who sings in the classroom about the national flag. We interpreted what the red flag stood for to be emancipation of the working classes. To us the red flag meant liberty, justice, equality; a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. But like other flags, the red flag has different idolators to interpret it. The day came when it became clear to me that loyalty to the red flag meant that I should cut the throat of every man who did not happen to agree with me; that the hateful bourgeois must be exterminated, just as a King Henry would exterminate a Catholic, or as Queen Mary would exterminate a Protestant. Loyalty to a red flag meant that I must murder my poor old mother because she happened to have a home to shelter her in her old age.

Bah! Don't seek to blind my eyes by waving a flag in them. You ask me, would I not fight under any circumstances? I answer, "Yes, I would fight for

my own property; I would fight if somebody tried to take my plate of soup or my bowl of porridge; but I will not fight to recover somebody else's property, or in the interest or for the dignity of any piece of cloth. Oh, yes, I know—when you are fighting for the capitalist, you are told that what the capitalist is trying to recover is the property of the Empire, and consequently *your* property. Oh yeah, it's your property! If it is, then all I say is, TRY AND GET IT!

THE COMMUNISTS

During the years 1924-25, while I was a member of the Communist Party, at that time thinly disguised as the Workers' Party, I was one morning in the office of *The Maritime Labor Herald*, when some comrades approached me and asked that I assist in drafting a resolution of protest which was to be forwarded to the national and provincial governments. At that time such resolutions were about a dime a dozen, and one mail bag more or less was going forward to the authorities daily.

When I protested that such appeals were useless and only served to clutter up waste-paper baskets, somebody asked, "Well, what are we going to do to attract attention to our starving condition?"

"Perhaps if some of us would go out on the public square and blow our brains out with a pistol shot, it might shock the authorities into action," I replied.

But it was I who got the first shock, when I realized that the comrades present were taking my suggestion seriously, and most of those present agreed

that such extreme action was necessary. There was, however, a gleam of humor in the eye of the senior communist when he said, "Well, the idea is yours, Dawn, and you should have the honor of making this sacrifice for the Party. Go ahead—and we promise you a front page triple-column in *The Herald*—"Starving and heroic young patriot commits suicide at Senator's Corner to force the Government's hand."

Fortunately, however, I had said my prayers that morning and thus probably saved my life, although I lost a chance to be a dead hero.

My comments on the Communist Party will be brief, as was my experience with them. I found among them many sincere, courageous fighters with a taste for self-sacrifice and "anything for the Party" spirit. But to such an extent did they carry this attitude that they were entirely without honor. A cold-blooded lie about a political opponent was to them more justified than the truth. They are the originators of the "boring from within" tactics, and if they wished to take control of the Boy Scouts they would first join the kids with pretended enthusiasm for their cause: then they would secretly begin breaking up the organization and substituting Communism for the youngsters' ideals. They freely admit that the end justifies the means, and that truth is only useful where a lie won't be effective. While their most fruitful field for recruits is among so-called radicals, their weakness lies in the fact that these recruits referred to detest dictation, and it does not take them long to learn that Communism is the sternest kind of dictation. No active Communist remains long in the party, and their survival today lies in the fact that

they succeed in attracting new dissatisfied individuals particularly during periods of business depression and unemployment. Of the leading comrades I knew in 1925, only one, the Canadian leader, remains in the ranks. In parting company with them myself, I declared that if I have to have my throat cut, it may as well be done in a capitalist war as in a Communist revolution.. Indeed, the capitalists might do the more graceful job. I remember telling the Communist leader here in the east some years ago, "Do you know, Jim, that if we ever get this revolution started, you will be one of the first they will hang? Recall the fate of Danton, Roland, Murat and Robespierre. Once you turn the mob loose, they are not very choosey about their victims."

But, as already noted, they attract some brainy, brilliant fighters and able debaters. No sane observer doubts that Trotzky was murdered by Communist agents, but they don't call it murder. Their name for it is "liquidation". If you object to such bloodshed in their program, they will tell you that no great reform was ever accomplished without bloodshed. The British Empire was not established without bloodshed and injustice; the French Republic was born in a sea of blood. Nothing is won easily. Freedom must be fought for, and death is merely a necessary incidental to fighting. One might argue with these Communists all day, but he is not likely to have all the best of it. Let me introduce here one of the most able debaters of the present day. The following analysis of Communism is by Mr. Winston Churchill, at one time Prime Minister of Great Britain. Writes Mr. Churchill:

"But communism is not only a creed; it is a plan of campaign. A Communist is not only the holder of certain opinions; he is a pledged adept of a well-thought-out means of enforcing them. The anatomy of discontent and revolution has been studied in every phase and aspect, and a veritable drill-book prepared in a scientific spirit for subverting all existing institutions. The method of enforcement is as much a part of the Communist faith as the doctrine itself. At first the time-honored principles of liberalism and democracy are invoked to shelter the infant organism. Free speech, the right of public meeting, every form of lawful political agitation and constitutional rights are paraded and asserted. Alliance is sought with every popular movement toward the left.

"The creation of a mild Liberal or Socialist regime in some period of convulsion is the first milestone. But no sooner has this been created than it is to be overthrown. Woes and scarcity resulting from confusion must be exhibited. Collisions, if possible, attended with bloodshed, are to be arranged between the agents of the new government and the working people. Martyrs are to be manufactured. An apologetic attitude in the rulers should be turned to profit. Pacific propaganda may be made the mask of hatred never before manifested among men.

"No faith need be, indeed may be, kept with non-Communists. Every act of good will, of tolerance, of conciliation, of mercy, of magnanimity on the part of governments or statesmen is to be utilized for their ruin. Then when the time is ripe and the moment opportune, every form of lethal violence, from mob revolt to private assassination, must be

used without stint or compunction. The citadel will be stormed under the banners of liberty and democracy; and once the apparatus of power is in the hands of the brotherhood, all opposition, all contrary opinions must be extinguished by death. Democracy is but a tool to be used and afterwards broken; liberty but a sentimental folly unworthy of the logicians. The absolute rule of a self-chosen priesthood according to the dogmas it has learned by rote is to be imposed upon mankind without mitigation progressively forever. All this, set out in textbooks, written also in blood in the history of several powerful nations, is the Communist's faith and purpose. To be forewarned should be to be forearmed."

THE PARASITES

In every contest between Capital and Labor, I am with Labor and against Capital first, last, and all the time. And if you ask me what percentage of the actual product of labor capital should receive, I cry loudly, "None, damn it, none!" But be assured that I class all worthy productive or creative effort as labor, and summed up, my contention simply is that any person who does not work at all, should not eat at all, excepting of course invalids and children.

Met a fellow the other day,
As I was roaming along the way,
They called him a radical, socialist, red,
Lowbrowed wretch who had been misled.

He talked of the workers, talked of their cause,
Talked of the country, talked of its laws—
An old young man, though tattered and frayed,
He was wise to the way the game was played;
None of your whiskered, bomb-throwing kind,
He had some ideas at large in his mind;
Dreamed of a day when his kind would be free—
Here's some of the line he handed to me:

Imagine a world of a hundred men,
And suppose they were workers every one;
God gave us the soil, God gives us the rain,
And for little work God gives us the grain.
A hundred cry "Clothing!" a hundred cry
"Meat!"
But fifty work and a hundred eat.
If the idle half and their fathers and mothers
Would all go to work, they'd be little work-
brothers,
But Jones and Smith and Green and Brown
Do all the work, while the rest stand round.
What of the other fifty per cent?
Jones and company pay them rent;
But 'twas Jones and company built the whole
town—
I'm ashamed of you, Jones and Green and
Brown.

Clara Vere de Vere's grandpa
Was a better thief than your grandma;
There goes Clara in her car,
She's kind to the poor as she drives up-street,

If the poor don't work, Clara don't eat.
Who is that with her? Reggie DeLuxe,
His old man was a prince of crooks—
Two helpless, hopeless, pitiful tools,
Though they toured the world and been
through schools;
Producing nothing, everything bought—
The day they die the world will lose naught.
Your little bootblack, untutored, untaught,
Has his use in the world, while these others
have not.

From Clara's shoes to her new French gown,
Not a thing does Clara own;
Madame Dupre makes her suits,
Paris workmen build her boots;
Her hats are made by working girls,
Her maid Nanette combs out her curls,
This same Nanette puts on her clothes
And pedicures her little toes.
Her lunch is served by 'Enry 'Awes,
She hustles for neither meat nor sauce,
But discusses the servant problem—
"Really, it's hard to bother with them,
This most annoying servant class,"
She remarks to Mrs. Van Dam Ass.

Beasts in the jungle, bums on the street,
All must hustle that they may eat;
Fish in the sea and birds in the air,
Must hunt around for a living fare.
Nature for naught has naught to give—

You have to work if you want to live;
But Clara and her useless kin
Neither sow nor do they spin,
For they have gold—oh, they don't need to—
Yet gold will neither clothe nor feed you.
The world is nicely arranged for them
Who live by the efforts of other men—
Live by the sweat of the poor and weak,
Then marvel that men turn bolshevik.

Call me a socialist, radical, red,
Turning to me the old guy said,
"A lazy, disinterested, radical dub,
I may be all that, but I rustle my grub;
And I'm taking no job in your factory or mine,
I'm off the stuff, it's out of my line;
But I never beg and I never steal,
I do an odd job when I want a meal.
Maybe you cannot see it my way,
But that's all I get if I work all day.
If the deal was square, I'd do my bit,
If all would work, I'd never quit;
But I'm keeping no Claras—aw, what's the use?
It's her kind cry "production"—well, let 'em
produce."

THE WIDOW IN THE WARD

No, I can't forgive them, parson,
Here on my dying bed,
Them as calls me "the crazy widow"
And say I am out of my head.
Let it pass, what they calls me—
It's not the worst they have done;
I'll always hold it ag'in them
For killing my second son.
With Harry, he was different,
I know the boy was wild;
Maybe I was most to blame,
When he was a little child.
Maybe I was over-kind
And let him run too free;
But they don't understand a mother—
He was always kind to me.
'Twas full of life the lad was,
Roaming the night and day,
Brave and happy and careless,
Easily led astray.
'Twas bad companions spoiled him
With cards and dice and drinks;
It's a wonder when one gets started,
How quickly a mortal sinks.

Then the labor trouble started,
The men were out on strike,
Riots and pickets and scabbers—
You never saw the like.
And my Harry was a leader,
Working the night and day,

With little hope of winning,
Without a penny of pay.
Desperate and starving the boy was,
Times were terrible bad—
And though he shot a policeman,
There was no real harm in the lad.
Then the dark days of trouble
When he was taken to jail;
No one to offer him counsel,
No one to offer him bail,
Except the lawyer the Crown appointed
To take and plead his case—
He was the most ag'in him—
It was a clean disgrace.
And black Judge James presiding,
Him with the evil eye,
'Twas only what all expected—
The boy was sentenced to die.

And one dark morning it happened—
God! but it seemed hard—
They took my boy and hanged him
Out in the court house yard.
And, parson, I never murmured—
I was younger and stronger then—
And the law must be abided
By the best and worst of men.
And I still had little Thomas,
He was my pride and joy;
I prayed to God to help me
To bring up my little boy.
He seemed different from Harry,

Pretty and gentle and mild,
His rougher companions called him
The "'widow's angel child".
And so he grew to manhood,
Working hard each day,
Coming home each week-end
And bringing me home his pay;
Trying to help his mother,
But they wouldn't give him a chance;
They killed him the same as Harry,
As they told me, "Somewhere in France".
What was the use of trying,
And fretting about my son?
They fattened him up and killed him
Just like the other one.
It was a common murder
I'll say it my dying day—
Very same policeman came for him
That took poor Harry away.
Conscripting the lad to make him fight,
Such actions I never saw;
After I always told him
To fight was ag'in the law.
What was the use of trying?
I wouldn't try any more—
Making him do the very thing
They hanged his brother for.

Away to some camp they took him,
Took him ag'in his will,
Training and feeding him all the time,
Getting him ready to kill.

He had no trial like Harry,
No, not as good a chance—
Just carried him off and killed him
Over somewhere in France.
They confessed it in the telegram
And the letter they sent along—
Said they were sorry for it;
Don't that show they were wrong?
And they wanted to give me money
To make up the wrong they done—
Forty dollars a month they said
Was the price of my son.
But I couldn't take money for him
Now that the deed is done;
And I'll never forgive them, parson,
For killing my second son.

MON PERE

My father was a carpenter
  Who worked hard every day,
His back was bowed, his hands were hard,
  His locks were thin and gray.
That was many years ago—
  The Locals then were small,
And every man who met the boss
  Would touch his hat and crawl.
But father had a rebel's heart,
  And often he told me
Of how he hoped to see the day
  When workers would be free.

Now, father was no prophet,
  Nor am I a prohet's son,
But today it is apparent
  That the bosses' day is done.
When I hear the mighty unions
  Proclaim the rights of man,
And I see the groups endorsing
  The co-operative plan;
When no more will rank injustice,
  Sustained by greed and lies,
March boldly down the highway
  Garbed as "free enterprise".

There are those who name this racket
  Where they hold the winning hands
Through control of all resources
  And through title to the lands;

Where gold's the mighty master
  With which goods are bought and sold,
Where the slaves are empty-handed
  And the lords have all the gold.
With the cards stacked so pretty,
  Would the sucker then be wise
To play this bosses' racket
  That he calls "free enterprise"?

No, my brothers, shun the tempter—
  The whole setup is a steal;
Fight and work for social justice—
  Close the ranks for a new deal.
Down with hunger, slums, depressions,
  Heed the swelling socialist call;
Why should you and yours be hungry
  When there's plenty here for all?
What Shelley told your fathers,
  Today I am telling you—
Remember you are many—
  Remember they are few!

CONCLUSION

My days and nights of labor done,
Come over, friends, and meet my son;
This product of my fancy wild,
You'll find him, perhaps, a forward child—
With caustic quips and vulgar rhymes—
He was conceived in sinful times
And poisoned by life's foul air—
It's shocking, ma'am, to hear him swear
And rave in manner unrefined—
His father had an outlawed mind.
He was not born like any other,
The poor boy never had a mother.
Would you expect the normal where
There lacks a mother's loving care?
Could he be gentle like the rest,
Flung from a father's bitter breast?

And yet there's points about the child
That might excuse his seeming wild,
His lack of tact, restraint, devotion—
He is a product of emotion
And life to him is not what it seems—
His days are spent in wildest dreams,
And on his pillow, half the night
He worries over wrong and right.
A fisher fills his net some morn—
The prize from him is quickly torn.
A murderer hangs—a poor man he—
A wealthy murderer goes free.
The miners dug yon bank of coal,

But that same day 'twas from them stole.
A child outside wedlock is born—
Alone the mother bears the scorn.

Observing this, my child must then
Much marvel at the ways of men,
And from his pages, leaf by leaf,
He will labor to expose the thief;
Poor innocent will strive to show
To men what they already know,
And what they choose to tolerate—
Abuse of power by the great,
The slaughtered right, the nourished wrong,
The tortured weak, the pampered strong—
Poor foolish child, to worry so
About the world and all its woe;
Lay down your pen, I charge you, boy,
It is a silly useless toy;
That's pen's too blunt, that ink too thin
To heal a world so steeped in sin.

And is the effort worth the time
One spends in protest and in rhyme?
As gaily pass the careless crowd
Some are heard to laugh aloud
As those who hate to hear the truth—
And all ignore the wailing youth.
For of his lineage 'tis said
His father was a horrid Red;
My literary race is run—
I swear I'll breed no other son.
Dance on, old mad and dizzy earth,

I'll strangle my next book at birth—
"A worthy deed—small loss," says you
"You should have strangled this one too!"

THE END